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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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Vol. XXXII.—No. 44.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1878.



FOOT-BALL IN THE PARK.—A BEVY OF BROOKLYN BEAUTIES INDULGING IN THE EXHILARATING GAME IN A SEQUESTERED NOOK IN PROSPECT PARK.—SEE PAGE 2.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly, Established 1848

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.
Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

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To Correspondents.
We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals, and items of interesting events from all parts of the States and the Canada, and more particularly from the west and southwest. Reports of events that create excitement in their immediate localities, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for.

E. K. K., Waco, Tex.—Will be attended to next week.
H. G. St. C., New Orleans, La.—Will be attended to in our next.

W. E. A., Waynesville, Ohio.—See item elsewhere in this issue.

CAPTAIN WEALEY, Norwich, Conn.—Accept thanks for the favor.

FRINDLER & PETTITS, Duke Centre, Pa.—Will be attended to in our next.

SUBSCRIBER, Red Bluff, Cal.—Thanks for the attention; item already published.

J. M. L., Montgomery, Ala.—Article published with illustration; further by mail.

W. B. H., Portsmouth, Va.—Thanks; item received from another source; write again.

FRANK B. TAYLOR, Bridgeport, Conn.—Accept thanks for the attention; will send them shortly.

T. W. B., St. Louis, Mo.—Thanks for the attention, but we had the item previously from another source.

W. F. S., Mexico, Mo.—Should be glad to have you send us the items spoken of or others of interest at any time.

CHIEF SAVAGE, Boston, Mass.—We have respected your modesty, but regret that you objected to the publication of the sketch.

L. W. F., Crystal, Iowa.—See item in "Vice's Varieties," which was received from another source before your communication came to hand.

O. W. H., South Norwalk, Conn.—Thanks; if you can procure the photos and, if possible, send a rough sketch giving an idea of locality &c., will be glad to do so.

H. S. C., Marlboro, N. Y.—Will pay fair rates for whatever you may send that we consider of sufficiently "vast importance" to give a place in our columns.

C. W. B., Fort Edward, N. Y.—The item is of a character that scarcely admits of illustration though certainly sensational enough; accept thanks for the attention, however.

W. H. T., Burlington, Kan.—Cannot illustrate the affair from your allusion to it. Shall be glad to do so if you will send account of it and photos of the parties, or a correct outline sketch of the occurrence.

CHIEF JONES, Philadelphia, Pa.—Thanks for the attention; would take it as a favor if you would inform us where it can be obtained if you should happen to hear; also as to one of the Eastern Penitentiary.

CORRESPONDENT, Newton, Pa.—We are indebted to you for your kind efforts in the matter. Thanks for the complimentary opinion of the GAZETTE. Shall be glad to receive items of interest from you in your travels.

D. BURNETT & SON, Olney, Ill.—Thanks for the attention; the photo was, however, so defective that we could not make use of it. Have already published account of the execution. Will return photo if desired.

KELLEN, Boston, Mass.—Thanks for the attention but the article came to hand too late for last week, and as it has been illustrated since our issue by other journals, it is behind date for this. Let us hear from you again.

F. H., Louisville, Ky.—Will be pleased to have the sketch in question if it can be forwarded in time. We have several occasional but no regular correspondents in your city. Send articles and we can judge if the arrangement would be satisfactory.

H. C. K., Sylvania, Geo.—See item in "Vice's Varieties," this issue; the other was not of sufficient interest. We did not publish the article alluded to; it will probably appear in our next. The style of your articles is suitable, provided the subject is of interest.

TO ARTISTS.

Artists, amateur or professional, in all parts of the country, are invited to forward to this office specimens of their work in the way of sketches or outline drawings illustrating current sensational and criminal events or other subjects of an interesting character. Such drawings will be paid for, if used, at fair rates, and if mutually satisfactory, regular engagements may be effected.

MR. NYE'S GRIEF.

The game of euchre, in which a certain Mr. Nye and a bland and child-like gentleman from China, known as Ah Sin, played their celebrated hands, has become, to a certain extent, historical, if not classical. In the minds of those who are familiar with the details of that memorable social episode there must rest an impression favorable to Mr. Nye's acuteness in all that pertains to those popular experiments with cards to which the lamented Artemus Ward alluded as

"beautiful but somewhat onerous games." To be sure the gentleman from the Celestial land did exhibit, temporarily, an apparent superiority in tactics, but then that was because of his employment of dark and devious ways, due to his rearing in a benighted heathen land, such as no one who has enjoyed the benefits of being brought up in a Christian country would think of employing—something of the same insidious and mysterious character, in fact, as has marked the baneful influences of Chinese cheap labor generally. It was, in short, something altogether abnormal and out of the ordinary run of human affairs, and as such not to be regarded in a light prejudicial to Mr. Nye's skill and acuteness as regards the aforesaid games of chance, whose very name is, indeed, suggestive of the possession of these qualities.

It is, therefore, with no little surprise that we read of the manner in which a gentleman bearing that name has recently tarnished it by allowing himself to be played for the biggest kind of a "flat" by a gang of shrewd sharpers. Our later Mr. Nye, it seems, is an Englishman, and his lack of the advantages of Nevada travel and training may, perhaps, be accepted somewhat in mitigation of his degeneracy. Nevertheless, he had that staunch confidence in himself as being "up to" things generally, which is quite a common characteristic of our English cousins, and he indulged that confidence to a degree that was the principal cause of the grief he came to in the instance in question.

Mr. Nye, in addition to being an Englishman, is the fortunate possessor of a comfortable amount of the root of all evil, and arrived on our shores a few days since very well "fixed" with the means to secure an enjoyable tour. While doing Long Branch he fell in with a party of jovial gentlemen, companionable fellows, with nothing particularly to do but to spend money, and, apparently, with plenty of it to spend. The company of these gentlemen he found quite to his liking and was well pleased when, being about to "take in" Saratoga, he found that their inclinations bent in the same direction. While on the boat on their journey thither his new friends proposed a bit of a game to put in the time and, although Mr. Nye acknowledged that his education as regards that useful branch of science known as poker had been altogether neglected, and that the profound treatise on that theme of our Minister to the Court of his own nation had formed no part of his reading, his new friends insisted on inducting him into its mysteries.

It is not surprising that, under the circumstances, the losses of a novice like Mr. Nye, should have been much in excess of his winnings, but his mind had shortly grasped the elementary principles of the game sufficiently to make him aware when, finally, he found himself holding four kings, that he held a big hand and one which it would require a phenomenal hand to beat. He therefore felt justified by the logic of the science in going very strong on his kings. He did so to the extent of his available pile, and when called on to "show up" smilingly laid down his four kings with one hand while instinctively reaching for the stakes with the other. His consternation when his opponent followed by displaying four aces and reaching for the pile with the serene confidence of one who knows his position is secure beyond peradventure, was strikingly similar to that of his western namesake when he witnessed the weird spectacle of Ah Sin putting down the same right bower which Mr. Nye had dealt to his partner, Truthful James.

Of course this episode brought the game to a close, and it may be added that though Mr. Nye ultimately succeeded in recovering a portion of his losses, some three thousand dollars of it will never come back to him owing to the absence of a venerable, gray-haired gentleman who had taken a lively interest in the game as a spectator and to whom by Mr. Nye's friends a large portion of their winnings was intrusted. The moral of the whole affair is undoubtedly entirely clear to Mr. Nye, and his experience will no doubt be money in his pocket in the future, but we hate to think of the western Mr. Nye's wounded feelings when he reads of the way in which one of the family allowed it to be played upon him by such a very thin game as would not capture a Nevada infant.

THE VOSBURGH CASE AGAIN.

The sensation caused by the terrible accusations against Rev. George B. Vosburgh, pastor of the Baptist Church of Bergen Heights, N. J., has received a fresh impetus from the extraordinary statements of his wife which have recently been made public and a full account of which is given elsewhere in the GAZETTE this week. At the time of the trial of the reverend gentleman on the charge of poisoning his wife, the latter, it will be remembered, was the principal element in the case upon which the prosecution relied to secure the conviction of the accused. Before she was brought to the stand, however, a note purporting to be written by her was received by the Prosecuting Attorney, in which her confidence in her husband's innocence of the charges was declared, and her intention so to testify if called into court was stated. Of course that

ended her usefulness as a witness for the prosecution, and the result was the more or less triumphant acquittal of the Reverend Mr. Vosburgh.

It now appears from her statement that this note was written by her husband and that she was forced by him to copy and send it as her own as, well as to evade the New Jersey authorities by hiding from them in this city. In short, her statement, made since she has been compelled by him to a separation, and is consequently beyond his influence, is quite to the effect of her belief that he was guilty of an attempt to murder her as well as of being a brutal husband and a man whose assumption of the sacred functions of his calling is simply rank blasphemy. Had she delivered such testimony upon the witness stand it is difficult to believe that he could have escaped conviction even in the face of the immense social pressure brought to bear in his favor. Her statement has, it seems, been suppressed, though extant since a short time after her husband's acquittal when, the despised though necessary instrument in securing that very important end having served the required purpose, she was turned adrift by him. Why it has been suppressed or what use it is to be put to now that the inner history of the affair is no longer a secret, does not appear. It exhibits, however, one of the most sickening and heartless of the many cases of depravity and hypocrisy in the ministerial calling which have disgraced humanity in our day, and if the allegations made are true it is well that the subject of them should be held up to the world in his true colors.

A WELL FITTING GARMENT.

The application of a coat of tar and feathers as a moral corrective to morally obtuse individuals is not to be commended on general principles, though it is possible that it may possess a force and point that are not to be overlooked in special cases. In that of John Shafer and his paramour, who are undoubtedly indirectly, if not directly, responsible for the tragic fate of the young and beautiful bride of the latter in the town of Nebraska, Indiana, a few days since, a full account of which is given in our columns this week, such an occasion would seem to be met, if ever. One cannot but sympathize with the indignation of the community in which the tragedy occurred towards the shameless pair whose atrocious conduct drove the fair young creature to frenzy and self-destruction, if, indeed, it should prove to be suicide instead of murder.

In view of their probable escape from any legal consequences, therefore, it is not unnatural that the community should determine that some punishment should be meted out to them, and not unlikely that its infliction may have a wholesome effect upon others similarly inclined to set the laws of decency, not to say morality, at defiance.

How They All Do It.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The watering place season is at its height and the observer at any of our popular resorts must be an abstracted gazer upon the varied panorama before him if he does not recognize the portrait and characteristics presented by our artist on another page. He toils not, neither does he spin, does the typical hero of our sketch, yet that he arrays himself gloriously in all respects is a fact that he will forcibly impress upon you, for he is always "around," is "loud" in every sense and compels your observation whether you will or not. "None but the wealthy enjoy this life," is his motto, and he is bound to convince you that he does enjoy it. If you have curiosity enough to inquire into his antecedents you will quite likely discover that at home he occupies a modest position on a moderate salary and you ponder over the abstruse mathematical problem of how fifteen hundred dollars can be made to do the duty of as many thousand until the announcement of the astonishing defalcation of Somebody & Co's., confidential clerk in whom the firm religiously confided, and then the secret of how it is done begins to dawn upon you.

Foot Ball in the Park.

(Subject of Illustration.)

There are numerous quiet little sequestered spots in Prospect Park where, on pleasant summer mornings, such an exhilarating scene as that depicted by our artist in the spirited and handsome illustration on the first page may frequently be witnessed by the casual stroller.

Without the attractions with which art has done so much for Central Park, it has the superior one of natural beauties and truly rural surroundings and its distance from the great cities as well as its extent, prevents it from being crowded except on special occasions. Consequently it presents in the morning, when there are but few visitors, an opportunity for blooming city beauties with a taste for active sport and a romp untrammelled by conventionalities to give vent to their healthful animal spirits in a manner they would not dare indulge in under the gaze of a multitude of profane eyes in less favored localities.

Chief Edward H. Savage.

(With Portrait.)

On another page we give a handsome and

authentic portrait of Edward H. Savage, Chief of the Boston Police Force, whose long and honorable record as incumbent of that position has rendered him one of the best and most favorably known police officials in the country. The GAZETTE some time since published an extended biographical sketch of this efficient and popular officer of whom Boston is deservedly proud.

The Disguised Female Detective.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Quite a sensation was created in Jefferson Market Police Court on Monday, 15th inst., by the appearance of Miss Alice Trevelyan at the bar on the charge of violating a corporation ordinance by masquerading in male attire.

She is below the medium height, stoutly built, has regular and pretty features with rosy cheeks, and is about twenty-three years of age. Her hair was cut short and was parted on one side. Her dress consisted of a light-grey summer suit, the coat being a short sack. In her outside breast-pocket was carefully arranged a handkerchief in the style sometimes affected by very young men. A jaunty straw hat, which she kept whirling about in her fingers with a finished touch, also formed part of her attire.

There were other transgressions for which she was brought to account. Mrs. Getman, who has a hotel at 131st street and Seventh avenue, has a bill of \$47 against her for wine. In court she behaved with a mixture of shame and effrontery. Her speech was loud and bold, but at times she could hardly suppress an inclination of the head, and the muscles about the mouth twitched once or twice as though she were about to sob outright.

According to the evidence furnished Miss Trevelyan arrived in this city from Boston, Mass., several days ago. She came in her present attire, and with her pleasant affectation of masculinity, a show of money and nothing to do. The stranger was the very embodiment of a fast youth ready to go the pace.

On Sunday morning, 14th inst., she went to a livery stable in Thirty-second street, near Sixth avenue, and hired a carriage and team for the day. A young woman who enjoys a wide repute in the Twenty-ninth precinct as Camille was invited out by her for a junketing, and together they drove to Mrs. Getman's hotel on the road, where they indulged in extravagance in the best wines and cigars. Alice here pretended she was a Frenchman, and assured the hotel keeper that she expected her baggage at the Brunswick Hotel, where she would pay the bill when presented. Mrs. Getman declined to accept this proposal, and insisted on taking a place with Alice in the carriage and going direct to the Brunswick. There the clerk denied all knowledge of her, and set off for the St. Julien, where she said one W. J. Adams resided, who would settle the bill for her. He, however, was not forthcoming, and the irate coachman, on being told to drive to Madison avenue in quest of some other mythical personage, brought up in front of the Twenty-ninth precinct station house. Alice, in answer to questions, said she was a private detective connected with the agency on Fulton street and engaged in hunting up \$3,000 worth of diamonds and the robbers who took them from Governor Van Zandt's house in Rhode Island. In her pocket was found a letter addressed to the Governor, in which she claimed to know where the property was and stipulated to furnish the information on the payment of \$150 down and \$250 more when the criminals were in limbo.

The general impression is that her claim of being a detective is unworthy of credit and that there is some strong motive, or more, probably, a species of romantic madness to account for her conduct.

Later developments seem to prove that she is the daughter of a highly respectable and once wealthy family in Newport, R. I., and that her own reputation was unblemished until about two years ago, when she was ruined by a rich real estate dealer of that city. Since then she has exhibited signs of insanity, but has been leading a vicious life.

Another Church Scandal.

NEWARK, N. J., July 14.—Yesterday it transpired that for some time trouble has been rife among the members of the Fifth Baptist Church, one of the most influential congregations in Newark, of which the Rev. George Simonson is pastor. It appears that charges of great immorality were preferred against several female members of the Sunday school, who it is said had been seduced by one of the teachers. These charges were considered by the officers of the church, and resulted in the expulsion of all parties concerned. Among the victims of the pious rascal were two sisters respectably connected and who moved in the highest circles of Newark. They were members of his class, and after Sunday school instructions he usually accompanied them to their home.

But the scandal was not confined to the Sunday school. It extended to some who had graduated therefrom. A newly-married couple, whose nuptials had been hastily effected to avoid unpleasant consequences, were also brought to trial and expelled, upon the principle that all sinners should be treated alike.

THE BEASTLY BLACK.

Another Atrocious Crime Added to the Sickening Record of the Gentle Freedman.

A DEED OF DARKNESS.

The Frightful Outrage in an Alabama Woods of which an Innocent Young Girl was the Victim.

VERY INADEQUATE PUNISHMENT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

MOBILE, Ala., July 13.—One of the most infamous outrages that has occurred in these disjointed times, was perpetrated on the night of the 11th inst., near the hamlet of Ellerbe, Ala., about five miles from the Mississippi state line. On Thursday afternoon, 11th inst., Willis Brock, a mulatto, about thirty years of age, and a peddler, drove up to the gate of the residence of James P. Brewster, a well-to-do farmer, residing three miles from the little village of Ellerbe, and inquired of the family if they wished any notions or dry goods. The only persons on the premises at the time were Mrs. Brewster, Arthur Brewster, a lad of seven, Ethel Brewster, aged five, and Mrs. Brewster's infant, of the white family, and Ellen, the colored seamstress and nurse. Mrs. Brewster told Ellen to go out and see what Willis had, and if there were any needles of a certain kind she wished to purchase a paper. Willis remarked that he would bring his box of notions from the wagon into the piazza and show Mrs. Brewster his whole stock. While exhibiting the contents of the box, Miss Carrie Wayne, daughter of Jasper Wayne, a highly respected neighbor of the Brewsters, came over to spend the evening with Mrs. Brewster. She also desired some few articles, as there is no store in the neighborhood, the nearest being in Meridian, Miss., sixteen miles distant, and purchased several packages of needles, pins, &c., from Brock. In displaying his goods, Willis appears to have been very slow, on purpose, and as dark was approaching, Miss Wayne said she would return home and send Willis the amount of her bill, the small sum of \$1.25. Willis remarked that he was going toward Mr. Wayne's house, and if Miss Carrie wished, she could ride on his wagon. Not suspecting any harm the young lady promptly accepted the offer, and in a few minutes they left Mrs. Brewster's. This was just about half-way

BETWEEN SUN DOWN AND DARK.

The distance to Wayne's was over two miles by the public road, but a path through the fields of which the young lady came to Brewster's was hardly a mile. Mrs. Brewster says she noticed that Willis drove very slow after leaving her place, and she thought that he possibly intended to remain all night at Wayne's house, as he occasionally stopped at residences in the neighborhood when night came on. But that was not the brute's purpose, as the sequel shows. About a half mile from Wayne's residence there is a thick wood. On reaching that spot, Willis turned to Miss Wayne and asked her if she would hold his horse until he cut a switch. She took the reins and Willis went into the wood, selected a suitable place, and when he came back to the wagon pretended to have discovered one of his wheels out of order, in order to have an excuse to ask the young lady to alight. As she did so, he grasped her in his arms and hurried into the wood, scarcely twenty paces from the wagon. It was dark now, and he knew that no one would pass in that thinly settled neighborhood, and even if any one did pass he feared nothing in the dark. He filled Miss Wayne's mouth with a sponge which he had, and although she struggled heroically to prevent the brute from outraging her, he at last succeeded after tearing away every particle of clothing from her body, save a small portion of her chemise protected by her corset. He then carried her back to the wagon, lifted her into it and drove nearly to Wayne's house, when he took her out and laid her near the roadside. The young lady was in a sad plight, and insensible. Here she remained until nearly 11 o'clock, when she was discovered by her brother, who had gone to Brewster's, through the fields, to bring her home. He was told that she had left with Willis Brock, and he returned by the field path, thus missing her. He sauntered along slowly,

NOT DREAMING OF ANY HARM.

The moonlight was beautiful, and at last when he reached home, and his sister had not arrived, they all became uneasy, and started out on the public highway towards Brewster's to find her. Her brother John was in advance, and upon hearing the spot where she lay, he saw in the moonlight that it was a human being. Upon reaching the spot he found his sister's nude body, nothing but shoes and stockings on, and the corset, and his feelings were such as no pen can describe. He raised her up, still insensible,

and saw she had been outraged. In a few moments his brother Dallas came up, and then her father and a negro boy, Henry Blevins. The grief of the father and brothers can be imagined better than described. Miss Wayne was tenderly taken home when her condition became known, and her family gave way to the most poignant grief. The boy Henry saddled up three of the best horses on the place and the two brothers and he went galloping after Willis Brock. After driving about a mile beyond Mr. Wayne's residence the brute turned around and changed his course to the opposite, and this threw the pursuers off the track. Finding that they had been eluded they waited until daylight, and with the addition of three or four more horsemen they continued the search. On Friday morning about 10 o'clock they came upon Brock in an out of the way place, concealed in the bushes, he having cut down enough bushes to hide his horse and wagon from sight. When the two brothers caught sight of the villain they both drew their weapons to fire, but Charles Hoyt,

ONE OF THE PURSUERS, WITHHELD THEM.

He counselled a more moderate course, and his advice was taken. Brock was then carried to the farmhouse of Mr. Neabitt, two miles distant, where tar and feathers were procured, when he was next conveyed to a small stream near by where he was made to undress. Here he was dressed in a suit of tar and feathers, put on so thick that his person was totally concealed, and he was marched back to the spot where the outrage was committed. Here he was chained to a tree and left all night without food or water. Next morning he was set free with his new suit if he would never make his appearance in that neighborhood again. The last seen of him was a few hours afterwards at a negro cabin where he was begging for relief. Miss Wayne soon recovered consciousness, and her misfortune excites universal sympathy.

A Word from Kate Southern.

The Savannah, Ga., News publishes the following letter from Kate Southern, which exhibits her in a much different light from in that which she was recently shown by another southern journal:

We have received the following letter from the unfortunate woman whose crime and the commutation of whose punishment has been the subject of such elaborate discussions at home and abroad by the press. As will be seen, her object is to correct a false report which she conceives not only derogatory to herself, but unjust to those to whom she is grateful for sympathy and kind treatment. We publish the letter without alteration or correction, with the simple remark that neither the composition, the orthography, nor the chirography, which latter is femininely neat, are characteristic of the ignorant, coarse woman which some have represented her to be:

"OONEE CAMP, WASHINGTON COUNTY, GEORGIA PENITENTIARY, July 11."

"Editor Morning News:

"I learn, with great pain, that the Savannah Sunday Times, in its last issue, stated I was put to work in a convict camp as cook, and that I wished I had been hung, and that the convicts also wished I had. Now, I am kindly permitted by my keepers, Colonel Smith and wife, to correct, through your largely circulated and valuable paper, such an erroneous impression. I am so gratified at receiving the sympathies of a generous people in my great misfortunes, and in this distress my greatest fortune has been by falling into the hands of a gentleman and lady—Colonel Smith and his wife—from whom I receive many kindnesses in bolder up my hands, my heart and my self-esteem, and to hear that any paper was publishing anything that might in the least reflect in any way against my keepers is very painful indeed to me, incarcerated as I am, for protecting my worldly affections, as dear to me, against threatened inroads from the hands of one whose threats kept my heart aching and my head frenzied, and losing all reason, desperation naturally followed, the result of which has placed me here a convict in the Georgia Penitentiary. Being such, I might expect the cold embrace of rattling chain, striped clothes, hard labor, coarse diet and even the lash; but not so in my case. I am put to light work, cutting and making convict clothes; not ironed as others, not draped in convict stripes; have good and wholesome diet, such as my keepers have upon the family table; no threats of the lash; no cooking for convicts, and no such thing as regretting I had not been hung. Please, for the sake of a humiliated and unfortunate woman, correct the reports in circulation, so unjust to my dear keepers, and you will receive the thanks of one so injured and so disgraced. Your very humble servant,

"KATE SOUTHERN."

Bresnahan, the Murderer.

[With Portrait.]

WATERTOWN, N. Y., July 18.—Peter Bresnahan, now confined in jail at Canton, N. Y., and to be hanged July 26, for the murder of Michael Daulton, confessed on the 9th that he murdered Dalt last spring. He has since confessed to three other murders.

JIM O'NEIL'S NERVE.

How the Murdered Engineer Once Frightened His Fireman and Saved a Crowded Passenger Train From a Fearful Fate by a Feat of Skill and Daring.

The story of "Jim" O'Neil, the brave engineer, whose assassination in Bloomington, Ill., on December 27th last, was fully related in the GAZETTE at the time, and which has received new interest from the recent developments implicating a hitherto unsuspected party, elsewhere published in this issue renders timely the following reminiscence of his remarkable career from the Muscatine, (Iowa), Tribune:

"I reckon you've heard tell of Jim O'Neil, what was 'assassinated down at Bloomington the other night?' remarked Jack Reynolds to a reporter on Saturday. The latter acknowledged that he had heard a good deal, lately, about the man referred to. Jack Reynolds does the stoking on one of the largest locomotives on the Chicago and Alton Railroad.

"Just wait till I toss in a couple of shovelfuls, 'cause time's nearly up, and we'll be off soon, and I'll tell you somethin' about Jim," said the fireman, as he pitched some chunks of coal into the roaring furnace. "They don't make better engineers," he continued, "than Jim O'Neil was. You see, you folks that ride back there in them fine coaches, and play poker, and read the newspapers, and only look out when a halt is made, and commence readin' and playin' agin when the train darts away agin with a shriek, a roar and a rattle; You folks, I say, don't know what danger is. No, sir. Just you come ahead here and stand where Jim O'Neil stood for eighteen years, and I'll bet your back will rise up sometimes. But Jim didn't mind it much. He was the coolest and most bravest man what I ever see in my life. He acted all the while just like he was

READY TO DIE ANY MINUTE.

And do you know, he would take to his engine just like a man would take to a woman. He would pet her, and say sweet, sympathizin' things to her. When she was leanin' out her level best, runnin' maybe forty miles an hour, Jim would look all over kind of affectionately and say to himself, with a shake of the head, 'She ain't well to-day; I don't know what ails her, but she ain't feelin' just right.'

Jack opened the furnace door again and dropped in some fresh fuel on the glowing coals. "You see," he continued, "Jim and me run an engine together five years, just as me and my boss here (pointing to the engineer who had that moment stepped into the cab) are doing now. He took me on when I was a green hand, and in all the years we stuck together he never spoke a cross word to me, and if he'd been a mind to he might have pitched me out of the cab window any time, for he was a powerful man. I'm got used to runnin' now, and I don't ever bother my head about what's goin' to happen; but when Jim O'Neil first took me on I was awful scary, and often wished I was one of them farmers what we saw holdin' the plow

"IN THE FIELDS AS WE PASSED."

"O'Neil had a great many narrow escapes, did he not?" interrupted the reporter. "You are right he had," replied Jack, "and the half of them ain't been told about in the newspapers. Jim always know'd when anything was goin' to happen. Once he had nine cars and a big lot of people, and he was runnin' to make up lost time. It was just a little afore dark, and, takin' his eye from off the track, Jim turned to me, and says he, 'There's trouble ahead; I feel it in my bones.' At first I kinder suspected that he was trying to frighten me, but after a bit he said to me, 'D—n it, I wish I could look round the big curve and see if the bridge is all right.' That scared me more'n ever. I noticed that Jim had his eye set right down on the rail, but it was gettin' so dark that he couldn't see far. The old locomotive was just puttin' in her best licks, and presently we shot through the deep cut and out on the high fillin' that ran to the bridge. As we made the curve at the mouth of the cut, right there in front of us, and not more'n two hundred feet away, was four horses what was runnin' their best down the grade

TOWARD THE BRIDGE.

I felt my heart thump agin the roof of my mouth. If Jim hadn't looked so cool I guess I'd have tossed myself right through the window, but I thought I'd stay as long as Jim did. He took in the chance at a glance. He knowed if them horses ever got to that bridge they'd tumble down 'twixt the stringers, and when we struck 'em we'd jump the track and go through the bridge into the river, and God only knows whether any body of them hundreds of people would have lived to tell what I'm tellin' now. So, quick as a flash—for with a locomotive runnin' forty miles an hour you must do your figurin' in a hurry—Jim slapped on all the steam. My God, how she shot! She nearly jumped out from under me. In three seconds the old locomotive just picked up that bunch of beasts and tossed 'em down the banks. They didn't any of 'em live to see the hind car pass by 'em.

"When my heart dropped back to its place," added Jack, "I ventured to say to Jim, 'That was a close shave, wasn't it?' but Jim never took his eye from the track, and never said yes or no; and, though him and me run together for years and years, he never once spoke of how he scooped them critters into the ditch and saved God only knows how many lives."

Domestic Discord and Murder.

BELOIT, Wis., July 14.—The report reached this city this forenoon that George H. Mack, a farmer living five miles northeast of Beloit, had been found dead. An inquest was held in the house, before Justice King, and the following facts brought out: Mr. Mack was thirty-seven years old last February, has resided in this vicinity most of his life, and was married about fourteen years ago. For years there has been much discord in the family, the wife apparently entertaining no affection for him. Family jars were of frequent occurrence. About the 1st of March he took in his employ a man named Frank Dickinson, from Horicon, Wis. Mrs. Mack took quite a fancy to Dickinson, and her husband became jealous. Mack suspected Dickinson and Mrs. Mack were straying from virtue's paths, and insinuated as much to her. About the middle of May, Mack and Dickinson had a disagreement, when the latter threatened to kill Mack. For this Mack had him arrested. Mrs. Mack demanded that Mack withdraw the suit and pay the costs, or she would leave his bed and board. He did so, and Dickinson left his employ. A month later Mack was taken with inflammation of the lungs, and for two weeks was very sick. During his illness Mrs. Mack sent James Watsie, another hired man, to get Dickinson to come and work. When told of this Mack objected, but was overruled. Mack had been working some the past week, but was still quite weak. The two hired men were not home on Friday evening, at which time Mrs. Mack testified to having a row with Mack. In the melee she claims to have struck him on the head with a common water-pitcher, inflicting a terrible gash. The pitcher did not break, and the doctors say the wound was not made on Friday night, for it was still bleeding when they examined it, and they further say such a gash could not be cut with a pitcher. Mrs. Mack stated that Mack was working in the harvest-field all day Saturday, and those who saw him say there were no bruises on his head. Mack usually slept down-stairs, the rest of the family sleeping up-stairs. It was stated that Mack went to bed about 11 o'clock last night. Watsie, who was sick on Saturday, retired about 8 o'clock. He said Dickinson came up-stairs soon afterward. Watsie heard no noise during the night. He always milked the cows and took the milk to the factory, while Dickinson always fed the horses. Watsie arose about sunrise to do the milking, but Dickinson said he was tired out, and asked Watsie to feed the horses for him. He went at once to the barn, and there, lying at a horse's feet, saw the lifeless body of Mr. Mack. He went back to the house and called Dickinson. The latter went to the barn, while Watsie started to notify the neighbors. When the first neighbor arrived Mack's body had been carried to the house. It was only about 5 o'clock, and the body was then cold and stiff. Mrs. Mack and Dickinson claimed that Mack had been kicked to death by the horse. The horse was found to be perfectly gentle, and there were no signs about the stall of any kicking. There were a few marks on the body which may have been caused by the horse stepping on him, but were not severe enough for kicks. Mack had on the clothes worn while at work on Saturday. Clothes belonging to Mrs. Mack were found in a bed-room badly torn, but she claimed this was done on Friday night. Dickinson had on a clean shirt, but testified to having worn it all the week. Two shirts covered with blood were found. Mrs. Mack claimed that Mack got one of them bloody on Friday night and the other last night. Mack was bruised from head to foot. Three upper ribs were broken on the left side and one on the right. His arm and chest were badly bitten, and his face severely scratched. The jury returned a verdict that "George H. Mack came to his death on the night of July 12th, from violent means, inflicted by some person or persons unknown." Mrs. Mack displayed no signs of sorrow, but rather seemed angry during the examination. She is a large, masculine-looking woman. Dickinson is an ugly-looking chap, of small intellect.

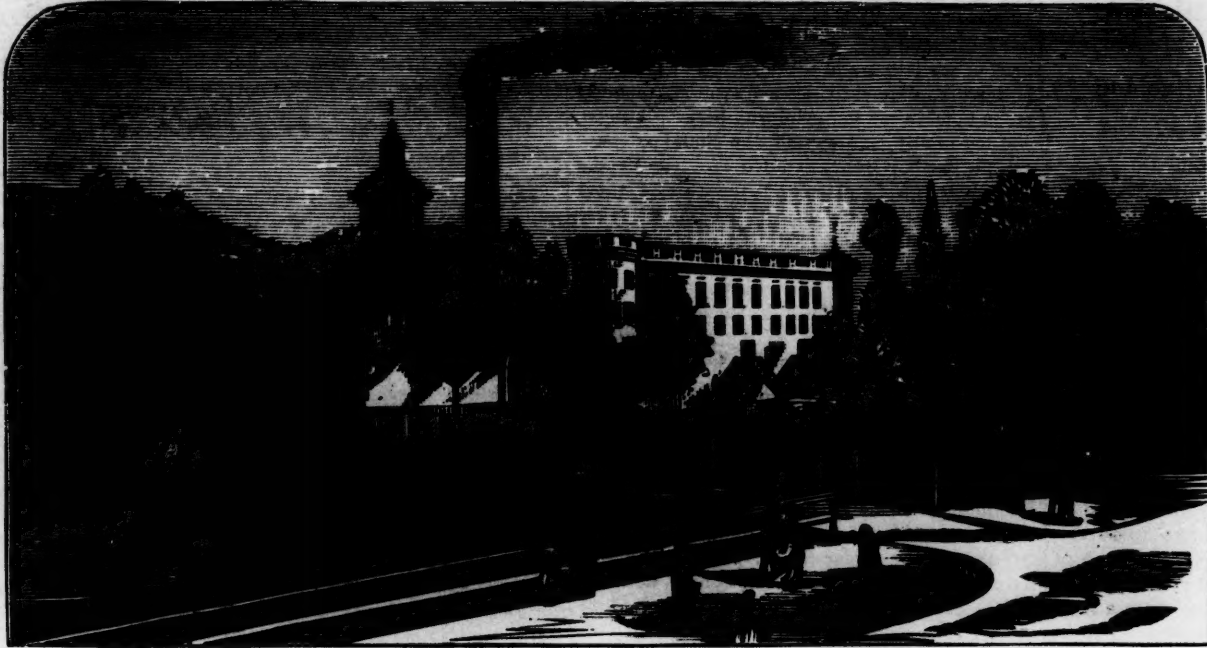
Three in a Bed.

[Subject of Illustration.]

BEAUFORT, N. C., July 10.—Rev. J. H. Wheeler woke up at an early hour this morning and discovered a big burley tramp ensconced in bed by the side of his wife. How the man got there without the knowledge of Mr. Wheeler and his wife is a mystery. As soon as the intruder was discovered in such close proximity to the partner of his bosom, the reverend gentlemen raised him, when a desperate struggle followed, the minister getting the better of the tramp. He made his escape.

Mysterious Murder.

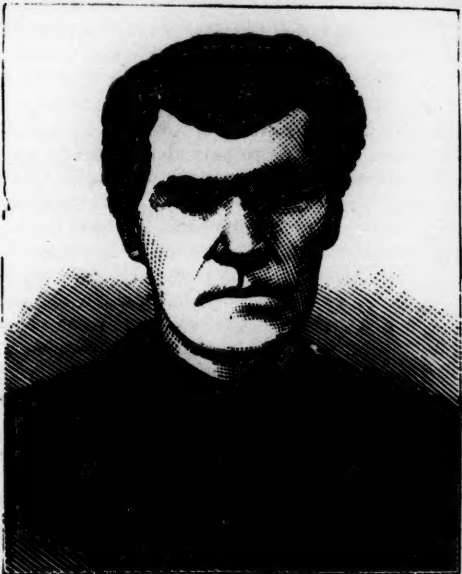
FLORA, Ill., July 14.—The body of Newton Dodd, of Washington county, Indiana, was found in a railway culvert, one mile west of this place, to-day, bearing evidences of the commission of murder. Dodd came here about a week ago, in search of work, and went with one Jo Vilmore, commonly known about here as "Frenchy," and who has acted as brakeman on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad at intervals for the past year or so. He represented himself as a railroad engineer, saying he was going to take an engine on the road soon, and would give Dodd a situation with him as fireman. They boarded with a widow, Dodd paying all the bills there and elsewhere, and seemed to have quite a sum of money besides a fine gold and silver watch, while Vilmore was penniless. Dodd gave the gold watch to the landlady for safe keeping. On Thursday evening both left the house, going in the direction where Dodd's body was found, which was the last seen of Dodd alive. In about four hours after their departure, Vilmore came back alone, and said Dodd sent him for his watch and valise. The landlady surmised that all was not right, and refused to deliver the goods. Vilmore then



WESTERN PENITENTIARY OF PENNSYLVANIA, AT ALLEGHENY.

express. The landlady still suspected foul play, and telegraphed for a description of the party sending the message, which tallied exactly with Vilmore.

The evidence was then conclusive that something was wrong, and an officer was dispatched to Sandoval, who brought Vilmore back and held him in custody, while diligent search was made on Friday afternoon for the missing man; but as no clue was found, Vilmore was liberated and roamed the streets to-day, making no effort to get away. He had plenty of money, and treated the matter in the most nonchalant manner, saying that his friend was all right. After the finding of the body he was confronted with it. Not a muscle quivered, but his face retained the same calm, unreadable expression as when first arrested, and he said the body was not that of Dodd. When under his preliminary examination his statements were conflicting and altogether different from those made when first arrested. The coroner's jury found that Dodd came to his death at the hands of Vilmore. But little is known of the murdered man. It seems that some time since he lost his wife, and since that time he has not been of sound mind. The suspected murderer has been known as a worth-

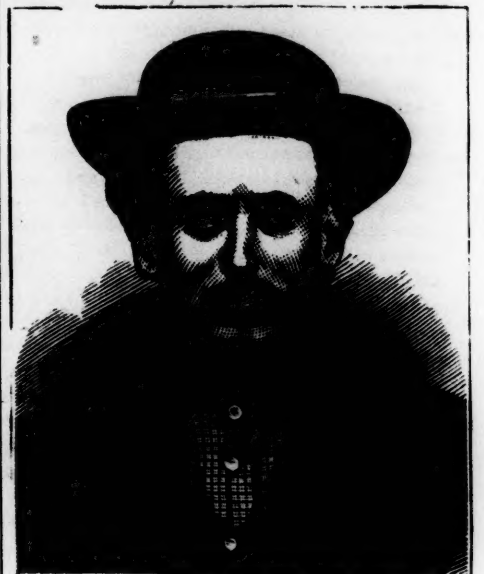


PETER BRESNAHAN, SENTENCED TO BE EXECUTED JULY 26, AT CANTON, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 3.

said he would have Dodd telegraph for the things, as he had gone to Centralia, Ill., and said she might hold the property until such message was received. On the following day a telegram was received from Sandoval, a small place forty miles west of here, signed Dodd, directing the widow to forward the watch and valise there by



DESPERATE FIGHT WITH TRAMPS IN THE MERRICK RESIDENCE, RAHWAY, N. J.—SEE PAGE 13.



MARTIN V. DICKEY, THE FUGITIVE NEW HAMPSHIRE MURDERER.—SEE PAGE 14.

less character, but this is the first crime charged against him.

At San Francisco, Cal., on the 16th, Mrs. Timothy Lynch died from wounds inflicted with a jack-knife by her husband in a fit of drunken frenzy. Both parties are sexagenarians.



THE DISGUISED FEMALE DETECTIVE—MISS ALICE TREVELYAN'S ROMANTIC ADVENTURES IN MALE ATTIRE, IN NEW YORK CITY, PROFESSEDLY IN SEARCH OF THE ROBBERS OF THE VAN ZANDT MANSION.—SEE PAGE 2.

BLOOD ATONEMENT.

A Desperate Husband Takes the Law in his Own Hands to Avenge the Alleged Seduction of his Wife.

(Subject of Illustration.)

About 9 o'clock on Tuesday night, 16th inst., a young man entered the Thirty-seventh street police station, where Captain Washburn and Sergeant Kelly were sitting, and laying a revolver on the Captain's desk, said:

"I've shot a man with this and want to give myself up. My name is Wallace O. Ladue, and I live in the New England Hotel, at Bayard street and the Bowery. The man I shot, Captain Washburn, is Cornelius F. Steward, of 510 West Thirty-eighth street. You will find him at this present moment writhing in his agony at Ninth avenue and Thirty-eighth street."

Captain Washburn started out immediately with Sergeant Havens. At Thirty-eighth street and Ninth avenue they found a throng surrounding a young man apparently dying on the sidewalk. Pushing their way through the throng, Captain Washburn and Sergeant Havens knelt down by his side. He opened his eyes and said faintly, "Captain, I'm dying. I've been shot in a cowardly way by Wallace O. Ladue."

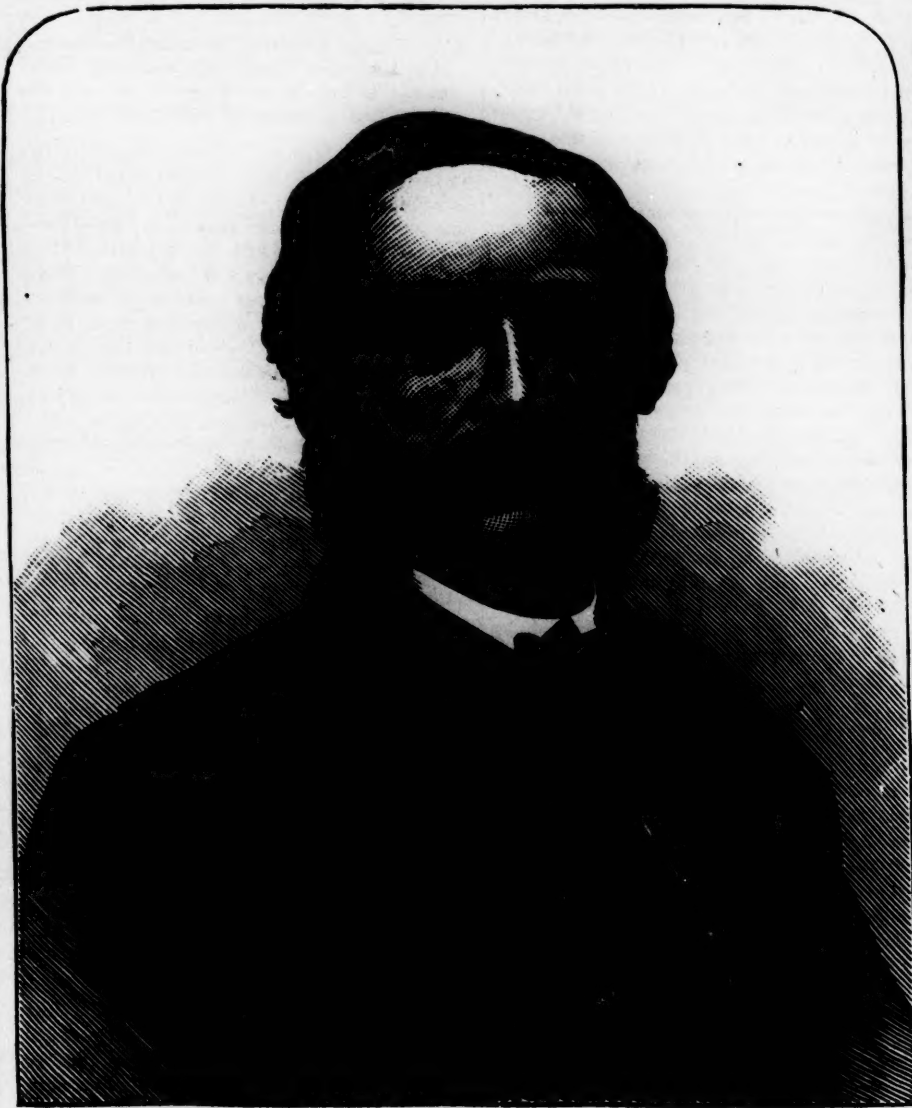
Without waiting for a stretcher, Captain Washburn took down a shutter and called on some of the throng to assist him in taking the wounded man to the police station. As they entered Ladue stepped up to Steward, and in an angry tone said, "You villain, you tried to ruin me; now I've done for you."

Ladue then told Captain Washburn that Steward had alienated him from his wife; that he and his brother had taken advantage of his troubles to separate him forever from her, and that he was determined to kill Steward.

Dr. Satterlee having given Steward a powerful stimulant, he asked to see Captain Washburn, and said: "Wallace Ladue married a respectable young woman, who believed that he was earning an honest living. Two years ago he was arrested for participation in a burglary in a jewelry store in Sixth avenue. For this he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He served fifteen months. His wife was the friend of my brother's wife. As soon as Ladue was sent to prison we took the wife to our home, and gave her all she needed. My brother's wife became sick, and Mrs. Ladue nursed her. On the death of my sister-in-law Mrs. Ladue remained in the family. Four months ago Ladue sent for his wife, but she entreated us not to compel her to leave. At 7 o'clock this evening, as I came back from work, I heard that Ladue had been in my house and had inquired for me. He came back at 8 and told me that he was doing well, and wanted me to use my influence to get his wife to come back and live with him. I told him I had urged her to go and see him, but

SHE HAD REFUSED TO DO SO.

He invited me out to take a drink. We went to the bar-room at Ninth avenue and Thirty-eighth



EDWARD H. SAVAGE, CHIEF OF POLICE, BOSTON, MASS.—SEE PAGE 2.

street. After we had drank he accompanied me outside and then suddenly charged me with living with his wife. I replied, 'Wallace, you should not throw such a slur on your wife.' He paused for a moment. Then I saw him put his hand to his pocket and draw out a pistol. I cried out, 'Wallace, for God's sake, put that back,' and then turned to run away. As I did so he fired. I felt the first shot go through me, and again turned round, when he fired again. I think that I am dying."

Steward was sent to the Roosevelt Hospital. Just after he had gone an elderly woman and a young girl walked briskly into the police station. "I'm Wallace Ladue's mother, and that's his sister," the woman said to Captain Washburn.

"I am glad Wallace has shot Steward, for he has kept his wife from him. My son was innocent of the crime he was punished for, and the Stewards did all in their power to poison his wife's mind against him."

The mother and the sister asked to see Ladue, but Captain Washburn refused to permit them to do so. In Ladue's pocket was found a letter from the Hon. Elisha Harris, of 208 West Forty-second street, recommending him as an honest, hard-working man.

Shooting at a Mayor.

TROR, N. Y., July 14.—Mayor Murphy of this city was shot at last night at 8 o'clock at the corner of Fulton and Fourth streets. The bullet

passed through the rim of the Mayor's hat, within an inch of his head. He has been active in directing the search for the horse-car thieves and it may be that some of their friends have planned to kill him. The Mayor thinks, however, that somebody was shooting at a target and accidentally discharged the weapon, but thorough search by the police failed to discover any such person. Five of the horse-car robbers are in jail here, Tompkins, the leader, having arrived last night. He pretends to be suffering from brain fever, but the physicians say that his health is good. He says he will never go to prison, and threatens to kill himself before the court sits in September. The police are satisfied that they kindled the fire which destroyed the Memorial Presbyterian Church last winter.

A Bloody Christening.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Edward McGrath, a stonemason, lives at 86 South Eighth street, Williamsburgh. It is between Second and Third streets, and the locality is known as Murder row. McGrath celebrated a christening in his family on Sunday, 14th inst., and numerous of his neighbors met and rejoiced with him. Liquor flowed freely, until by 6 o'clock in the evening all were more or less intoxicated.

At that hour a Mrs. Smith, who had been especially invited, arrived, but the moment she espied a woman named Hulda Fisher she turned and walked out. Called back and asked the cause, she pointed her finger at Mrs. Fisher, and said:

"It's not the likes of me will stay where that thing is."

"All right, Mrs. Smith," Mr. McGrath replied, with an oath; "if you don't want her here, we'll put her out;" and he took hold of Mrs. Fisher. But Mrs. Fisher showed fight, and, with a blow between the eyes, she knocked McGrath down.

He arose, and, taking up his heavy stone-cutter's hammer, fully seven pounds in weight, struck the woman three blows on the head with it, calling on her husband as he did so, to "come down-stairs and see us killing your woman."

The husband refused to come, but one William H. Gordon tried to defend her, and with a chair felled McGrath and his hammer. James O'Reilly, of 200 Van Buren street, then attacked and pounded Gordon.

Meanwhile, the fight became general, and murder would have been done, but for the fortunate arrival of Officers Forbes and Brown.

They led Mrs. Fisher to the alley, and, after arresting McGrath and O'Reilly, consigned her to the care of the physicians of the Eastern District Hospital.

Three ugly gashes were inflicted by the weapon on her head, the wonder being that she was not killed by each. She was so much under the influence of liquor, however, that the full extent of her injuries could not be ascertained.



TURNING THE TABLES ON A POLICE HERO OF THE CLUB WHO HAD BRUTALLY BEATEN A YOUNG EXCURSIONIST, CONEY ISLAND, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 13.

MISTRESS AND WIFE.

Mysterious Death of a Young and Beautiful Bride under Suspicious Circumstances.

A SAD ROMANCE.

Subjected to the Presence in her Home of a Shameless Rival Before the Lapse of the Honeymoon.

MERITED RETRIBUTION IN PROSPECT

NEBRASKA, Ind., July 15.—A most unwonted excitement has been created here by the discovery, on Saturday night, of a sensational suicide or murder. The victim was a young and beautiful bride, Mrs. Ella Shaffer, who had been married only since last April. Her husband's name is John Shaffer, a resident of this place, and a sort of speculator, who has always had plenty of money and plenty of trouble. Mrs. Shaffer was a Rochat, and came from Dupont, Ind. She was Shaffer's second wife, his first one dying very suddenly about two years ago, some say of a sinking chill. By his first wife he had five children, all small, necessitating the help of a housekeeper. Shaffer found a housekeeper immediately after the funeral in the person of a young girl in the community known as Sad Jackson—a girl whose virtue had not been regarded as strictly iron-clad. His having this girl in his house, ostensibly to take care of his children, created an immense amount of scandal, and tended to

ostracize him from good society. He persisted, however, in the face of active gossip, to keep his Sad in the house. Finally, about the beginning of the present year, he met Ella Rochat, and became straightway enamored. She had just matured into womanhood, being but nineteen years of age. Her beauty was conspicuous, and was of the typical brunette style. Her form was full and her carriage elegant. Her ambition was to make her husband happy; his mission in life appeared to be to make her miserable. She had scarcely reached Nebraska and assumed the responsible cares of a step-mother when her husband is said to have begun systematically to mistreat her. She only wrote one letter home to her father's folks after reaching the home of her husband. In this letter, however, no mention was

made of her unhappiness. It appears that when Shaffer started for Dupont to attend his wedding the girl, Sad Jackson, left his roof and sought shelter in Franklin, Ind. About three weeks ago she returned, and from that time anarchy reigned in the Shaffer family. Shaffer was conspicuously attentive to her. Leaving his young wife alone with his motherless children, he would go off to a North Vernon hotel with Sad, and there remain, much to the disgust and scandal of decent people. A committee was organized once or twice in the community, and threats of a prescription of cold tar were made unless Shaffer desisted from his open adulterous conduct. His young wife remonstrated, but to no purpose. She pleaded, but her pleadings only reached ears that were deaf to sympathy. In her own house, and almost under her own eyes, the interloper usurped all the rights which belonged to her as a wife.

Last Saturday afternoon there was a big storm in the Shaffer dwelling, though Shaffer himself and Sad Jackson are exceedingly reticent as to what happened.

IMMEDIATELY PRIOR TO THE TRAGEDY. About 8 o'clock in the evening the sharp report of a pistol was heard coming from an old, dilapidated hen-house, located in the rear of and perhaps a dozen yards from Shaffer's dwelling. A minute or more elapsed and John Shaffer was heard to exclaim, "Oh, Ella has shot herself!" Neighbors, hearing both the report of the pistol and Shaffer's cry, hastened to the scene just in time to witness a few convulsive shudders pass over the unfortunate young wife as she expired. The aim, who ever made it, had been unerring. The ball entered about the centre of the breast, and, glancing, penetrated either the heart or the main artery, in the immediate vicinity. Death had been almost instantaneous. Shaffer, being the first person to reach the scene, hastened to explain his whereabouts when the tragedy occurred. He said he and Sad had been sitting on the porch in front of the house, and had not noticed the absence of his wife, when the report of the pistol reached his ears. He had left the pistol on the stand in the room adjoining the porch where he and Sad Jackson had been sitting. He did not know when Ella had gained possession of it.

The neighbors who listened to Shaffer's explanation by this time had discovered the pistol, a thirty-eight calibre,

AS IT LAY NEAR THE CORPSE.

In another corner of the building was found a piece of paper, which had never been folded, and on which Mrs. Shaffer had written with pen and ink the following:

"July 13, 1878.

"DEAR HUSBAND: You have ruined me, and if I can't live happy with you I won't live at all. Please send my folks word. John bury me with respect; and you, Sad, be happy still. And, Sad, remember when you told me that if I would leave John that you would stay with me until hell would freeze over. Well, good John, when you find—"

And here the epistle abruptly closed. No name was signed, but the relatives of the deceased afterward thought they recognized the handwriting in the note as that of Ella.

A coroner's inquest was held Sunday night, but no new facts were developed, and yesterday the corpse was hurriedly hustled under the ground. To-day Shaffer and his alleged paramour were placed under arrest, charged with adultery, and all day long were in close custody of officers.

And now comes the most interesting feature of the terrible calamity, the strong suspicion that Ella Shaffer did not come to her death by her own hands. People in and about the town are not at all reserved in expressing the opinion that the letter, while it might have been written by Ella, was only a ruse—that indeed, it was a forgery, and that it was hurriedly placed by Ella's side to cover up

THE TRACKS OF A HELLISH CRIME.

The stolid indifference of the girl Sad, who, by the way, is not a perfect Hebe in appearance—and the curious conduct of Shaffer, tend to strengthen this suspicion. Sad absolutely declines to talk about the matter, thus evincing a degree of sagacity hardly expected in one reared as she must have been. She seemed a little anxious lest the charge of adultery against her should be changed to something worse.

Shaffer said that he knew the reason of his wife's suicide, and it was one, he said, which nobody suspected. He said: "Not many nights since I came home in the evening and found my wife in close communion with what I took to be a man and a stranger, but upon looking into the stranger's face I found that Sad had dressed up in my clothes, and was carrying on a mawkish galantry with Ella. I was mad at this kind of a joke, and we had some words about it."

"Finally Sad told me that my wife had confessed to her that before she had married me she had been criminally intimate with her uncle, S. J. Mitchell, who now lives in Indianapolis, and that she was unhappy, fearing that I would find it out. I went to Ella about this, and she confessed all. I suppose this knowledge which she knew I then possessed made her commit the act."

The story creates a profound indignation in the town and vicinity. The people are loth to believe that Ella Shaffer had been such a girl as Shaffer represents her, and they are still more reluctant in believing that even though she were guilty she would make a confident and companion of such a creature as this girl Sad Jackson.

Atrocious Murder by a Tramp.

DAVENPORT, Iowa., July 14.—At noon to-day, on one of the principal streets, a tramp murdered a citizen by plunging a knife into his heart. It was the boldest murder ever committed in Davenport. It has created intense excitement, and Judge Lynch came near presiding over a trial of the murderer than at any previous time in this city. At the time indicated, Charles Segerman, proprietor of a saloon on the corner of Third and Iowa streets, was walking westward, on the south side of Third street, in search of a policeman. A tramp came out of Pope's saloon, 109 East Third street, met Segerman, walked up to him, raising his hand and said, "You son of a —" Segerman put up his hand to ward off the blow. There was loud talk for a few seconds, and the tramp struck Segerman's right breast. He changed a knife into his other hand and gave his victim another blow on the left breast. Segerman staggered, gave a shriek, put a whistle to his mouth, blew for a policeman, and fell back dead. Mrs. Farr, keeper of a cigar store, who saw the affray, ran out and placed the murdered man's head in her lap, fanned him, and bathed his face in water until assistance came. The tramp rushed down the street. He stared at the gathering crowd, and cried, "You can't take me," and nobody attempted to take him. The police, two in number, by this time had reached the scene and seized the murderer, who cried, "I did it, and I'll do it again to any man who insults me. Hang me if you want to." As the officers marched their man up Brady street, there were loud cries of "Hang him, hang him!" Had it been ten minutes later there would have been a rush for the prisoner by the excited crowd. The murderer was interviewed by a reporter shortly after he was behind the bars. He said his name was Henry Hader, thirty-two years of age, and born in Anklam, Prussia. What is your occupation? asked the reporter. "I'm a tramp; put that down. I killed him, and I ain't sorry. He insulted me." It transpires that Hader went into Segerman's saloon and got two glasses of beer which he refused to pay for when asked to. This was the insult.

CASSINA'S CAPTIVE.

Miss Emma Collins' Suit for Seduction Against the Wealthy Spanish General Who Was Acquitted of the Original Charge of Abduction.

On Monday, 15th inst., Justice Smith called up the case of Collins vs. Cassina in the private examining room of Jefferson Market Court before an interesting group of spectators. General Nicholas Cassina, the Spaniard who is accused by Miss Emma Collins of 57 Foreyth street of seduction under promise of marriage, occupied an easy-chair a few feet from Judge Smith's elbow. To all observers the accused was the most unconcerned man present, for he occupied the time in chatting and cracking jokes with the court attaches and twirling a silver-headed cane mechanically over his fingers. Miss Collins sat in the centre of a group of counsel, near her father and mother. She was attired, as upon her last appearance in court, in a drab-colored dress of the "pull-back" pattern, a well-trimmed hat, and wore a gold clasp at her throat.

Proceedings were begun by Justice Smith, who made his appearance at 11:30 o'clock, and stated that he would dismiss the charge of abduction made the previous week by Patrick Collins, there being no evidence submitted of sufficient

STRENGTH TO UPHOLD THE COMPLAINT.

Upon the new action his Honor declared himself ready to accept the previous testimony of Miss Collins, as to her relations with Cassina, in order to facilitate matters.

Colonel Charles Spencer, as prosecutor, begged the Court to grant a postponement in the case until Police Captain Williams and another witness could be brought forward. In reply to this request Mr. Jenner, who appears for Mr. Cassina, said:

"Mr. Cassina has stood before the public since the first charge was made against him, in a light that was extremely mortifying to him, and of which he wishes to relieve himself as soon as possible. He is here now, and in justice to him the case should go on. It is not likely that Captain Williams knows anything about these people prior to their arrest; therefore we desire to proceed to-day, and continue day by day until the whole case is clearly laid before your Honor."

Mr. Jenner added, by way of a clincher, that the "whole case was nothing more than a conspiracy," which so excited Colonel Spencer that he jumped up and declared that before long the defendant's counsel would see it was no conspiracy, but

A STRONGER CASE THAN THEY DREAMED OF.

He (Spencer) could prove by proper witnesses that Cassina had presented Miss Collins to several persons as his intended wife; and, if time were given, the woman Rich would be produced, if every nook and corner in New York had to be searched.

Justice Smith finally decided to place Miss Collins upon the witness-stand for cross-examination.

Witness was shown a man sitting in the examination-room and asked if she had ever seen him before. She answered that she had; that his name was Engle, and that the first time she ever saw him was in the latter part of May, at the house in Second avenue; saw him in the apartment that she hired; merely paid Engle for the room and left the house; nothing was said by the girl except the questions she asked him about the apartments. When witness went to the house she rang the bell and Engle came to the door. She asked him if he had "furnished rooms to let." The man said yes, and the witness stepped in the house and was shown the rooms. Mr. Engle asked witness what she wanted the rooms for, she answered that she was going to meet a gentleman (General Cassina) there. Witness denied that she ever attended a theatre, picnic, ball or party.

PRIOR TO FEBRUARY LAST.

She also flatly denied that she ever attended any of the performances at the American Theatre on Third avenue; the night she first saw Mr. Cassina she went by invitation with him to the Tivoli Theatre.

Miss Collins continued: "We stayed at the theatre about one hour: I sat with Mr. Cassina while we were there; after leaving the theatre we went to a confectionery in Eighth street, near Third avenue; we got some refreshments, and were there about fifteen minutes; I then went to my home; Mr. Cassina accompanied me to within three blocks of my house; I met him the following (Sunday) evening at Stewart's building."

"I cannot relate any of the conversation in particular or general that occurred between me and Mr. Cassina on that Sunday evening; he did not tell me anything about himself; I did not tell him anything about myself; I can remember nothing that was said that evening only that he flattered me, that is all; the first thing that he told me was that I was 'a diamond lost in the mud'; he flattered me so much it is almost impossible to explain; he spoke about my rude style of dress and my refinement; he flattered me about the way of carrying my dress and my walking; he also

FLATTERED ME ABOUT MY BEAUTY.

He did not give me any money nor offer me any money that night; he did not make any improper proposals to me; I met him at Bertha Rich's on the following Tuesday; there was a woman present who resides at Bertha Rich's; I think her name was Georgie Friday; I saw her off and on at another young lady's house, 85 East Broadway; the friend at whose house in East Broadway I met Miss Friday was Mrs. Van Austin; I went to Mrs. Van Austin's because I knew the entire family and visited there; Miss Friday lived there; am not sure that Friday is her right name; I think it is Sinclair; we were never friends, merely speaking acquaintances; I have walked with her in the daytime, but never at night to my recollection. On the Tuesday mentioned Mr. Cassina was at Mrs. Rich's about one hour and a quarter; we had lunch; Miss Friday, Mr. Cassina's friend, I and Bertha were present; Mr. Cassina did not give me any money on that occasion; he offered the money but I did not accept it, and he put it right in the collar of my dress; it was a \$10 note; I remember that he kissed my hand; he wanted to embrace me, but I would not permit him; I did not sit in his lap; he did not say anything improper to me; I made an appointment

TO MEET HIM AGAIN.

My father was not aware that I was going to Mrs. Rich's house every day; he forbade me going to see her; I went to see her because she used to come to the place where I was employed and told me that she lived in Allen street; I never heard whether she was married or not; she did not have any occupation.

I am acquainted with Mr. Farragut; I became acquainted with him at the armory, on Grand street, near Centre; I went to the theatre with him; I heard a short time ago that he was a married man; I should take him to be a man between twenty-five and thirty years old; I met him by appointment; I went with him to promenade with a young lady and she had a gentleman friend; the young lady's first name was Camille, and she lived in Stanton street; she did not have another name to my knowledge; she did not have a room where she received her friends; I never went to a house on Fourth street with Camille; the German gentleman and I never met Camille and her friend during the day; he often invited me to go to the theatre and different places, but I declined; we went a couple of times to the Aquarium; he never

TOOK ME TO ANY HOUSES.

I don't remember any gentleman who bought a pair of shoes for me in Grand street.

After meeting Mr. Cassina at Mrs. Rich's on the Tuesday morning, I met him several times in the street; I never asked him to meet me at Mrs. Rich's until I became very familiar with him; it was after I went to his rooms in University place that I asked him to meet me at Mrs. Rich's; he told me that he desired me to cook some kind of a dish for him; I think it was corned beef and cabbage, and he would go there and eat it.

Here a letter was handed Miss Collins by Mr. Leo Schwab, of counsel for the General, who asked the witness if she did not send it to his client.

Witness said: Yes, sir, I did send it; it is in the handwriting of one of the telegraph employees; the office where I sent it from is on Broadway, between Ninth and Tenth streets; the "Bertha" of the note is Mrs. Rich.

At this point Justice Smith adjourned the case.

A Convict's Anticipated Fourth.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nev., July 12.—On the Fourth of July the inmates of the Nevada state prison, at Carson, attempted to celebrate the day by getting up an outbreak. On the night of the 3d, the captain of the guard, Thomas Mitchell, found a rude contrivance in one of the cells which served all the purposes of a pistol. It consisted of a piece of gaspipe, closed at one end by being hammered flat, and filled for about an inch with molten lead. Just above the lead packing a touchhole had been drilled, and the barrel, which was a foot long, fastened to a pine handle with wires. Powder and balls were also found. The weapon could be fired at close quarters with a match, and would kill a man. The pipe was about three-fourths of an inch in diameter. A search was instantly made in the other cells, and six of these instruments were discovered.

A Girl's Strange Romance.

(Subject of Illustration.)

DENVER, Col., July 14.—A dispatch from Canon City says a sheriff's posse pursuing horse-thieves came up to them at Bole's Ranch and were fired on by the thieves. The posse returned the fire, killing one instantly and mortally wounding the second, who died in six hours, but refused to give their names or any information.

On preparing the bodies for burial it was discovered that the smaller robber, who had been killed at the first fire, was a woman young and delicately formed and decidedly handsome. She had been mistaken for a boy. She was heavily armed, and was the first to fire on the pursuing party. There was no clue to their identity. They had stolen five horses, and had them in their possession.

VOSBURGH'S VICTORY.

Which has Been Turned Into a Shameful Rout by an Unexpected Bombshell in his Camp.

THE PASTOR'S PLOT

Unveiled by the Ingeniously Suppressed Statement of his Long Suffering Wife.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

The excitement attendant upon the recent trial at Jersey City of Rev. George B. Vosburgh, pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church at Bergen Heights, N. J., for alleged attempt to poison his wife, has not yet died away when the sensation is revived by the remarkable statement of his wife in regard to the case. Vosburgh was almost idolized by a large portion of his flock, and was apparently popular with all classes.

During the late trial there were a number of highly sensational episodes, among them the disappearance of Mrs. Vosburgh, and her subsequent kidnapping in this city, and the farcical escapade of the negro girl, Phillis, disguised in Mrs. Vosburgh's apparel. The serious found, however, sufficient matter for thought in the testimony of Professor Doremus, and there were grave doubts concerning the innocence of the pastor, which were not altogether set at rest by the verdict of the jury which acquitted him. The one person who could tell to a certainty whether Mr. Vosburgh was guilty or innocent was his wife Hattie, the

ALLEGED VICTIM OF HIS INGENUITY.

Once safe from the clutches of the law, her husband turned upon her, spurning her for her weakness, and hating her because she had made the statement that he well knew lay hidden away in the office of the District Attorney, and which some chance might yet bring to the surface.

The following is substantially the contents of the long suppressed document, which is in Mrs. Vosburgh's own language. The statement was made in the office of Mr. McGill, Jersey City, and there were present at the time of making it, besides Mr. McGill and his stenographer, Mr. James Sickles and his wife. Mrs. Vosburgh was very reticent about making the statement after Mr. Sickles had informed the District Attorney of the facts in the case, and her statement was intended as the ground-work on which the prosecution should rest.

She began by stating that she knew she would be an admissible witness on either side, because Mr. Vosburgh and his counsel had told her so. She did not think that either side could force her to testify, because the law did not compel her to go on the stand unless by her own volition. When informed that there might be a difference of opinion in regard to that for the reason that the law made an exception in case personal violence was offered to the wife, she said, "I may be forced to go on the stand; I feel that I am peculiarly situated; the thing is so bad that if I should be called upon the stand I would be

FORCED TO CONVICT MY HUSBAND.

As far as I know, all that I could do would be to corroborate the statements made by my family. The medicine given me by my husband did taste bad; was bitter; created a great deal of burning in my throat; a continued thirst, and a great desire for water. I don't want my husband to know that you got any points from me to cross-examine him on." She sat in thought for a moment, and then continued: "He will know that it comes from me, because there is no one who knows the truth beside me except my own mother; I told him that I had told my mother, and probably it would get out."

In relation to the story of Mary Parshall she said: "My husband received a call to a church in Cooperstown, and after we got settled there we lived very happily. In the spring of 1875 George said that he thought I needed a rest, and advised me to go home for a couple of weeks. I went to Stuyvesant, and remained there two weeks. When I returned some of my lady friends told me that I shouldn't go away and leave my husband alone again. I laughed at them at first, but when they explained their reason for talking so, I thought it was the truth. They told me that George had organized a series of picnics at his house, and the favored guest was always Mary Parshall. I knew the girl; she was single and quite good-looking. She was converted by his preaching, and

HE BAPTIZED HER.

I became despondent and very nervous. I began taking morphine to quiet my nerves, and on one occasion took a large dose, thinking to put an end to my troubles and thus leave him free.

"After I had regained consciousness George upbraided me for what I had done and misconstrued my action, as he always did everything I did, and said that I had only done it to make a

scandal and destroy his usefulness in the church. Then I began to exert my influence to get him to leave the place, and it was principally through my efforts that he accepted a call to the Jersey City church. I thought if I could get him away from her he would not care for her, but after I had been in Jersey City some time he went south and on the morning after his return I got up first and saw a photograph sticking out of his pocket and pulled it out to see who it was. I found it was Mary Parshall's picture and I woke him up and showed him what I had found. He got up in bed and stared at me; I tore the picture to shreds before his face."

In regard to the poisoning she said: "I told the doctors that I had nausea, vomiting, a burning in my throat after I took the medicine; that I was sore down in my chest, that my tongue was very sore, that I was very warm, and at times cold. I was burning up for water all the time. I never had an attack similar to this before. I have never had any sickness at the stomach at all. The first time I ever vomited was when the glass of lemonade was made by my husband one evening in November last. He made another one about a week later and it

PRODUCED THE SAME RESULT.

"George never accused me of committing an abortion, and he never spoke to me about the barkeeper. He told Spadone and Seidler that I had procured two abortions with the aid of my mother. He told them that I used to keep company with a barkeeper, and had received a ring from him, but he never spoke to me about it till this morning. He was afraid, knowing what he said about me, that I was going on the stand and that I was going to deny all this. He asked me very coldly if I denied it, and I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'Why?' and I answered, 'Because it is a lie.' He said, 'Do you deny expressing it to me?' and I said, 'I do, for it is a lie.' Of course he had a motive in telling these stories, because they would effect my reputation, and people would think such low things of me."

With this statement in his possession, Mr. McGill felt confident of securing conviction, especially as Mrs. Vosburgh said afterward there were many more facts she could produce, but after her escape to New York to avoid testifying, as will be remembered, and a letter written as she now says by her husband and which he compelled her to copy in which she was made to say that she believed her husband innocent of the charge, she was of course abandoned as a witness by the prosecution. This killed their case, the verdict set Vosburgh free and then safe, as he believed, he at once

TURNED HIS WIFE ADRIFT.

As a result of the domestic conduct of this ministerial brute, Mrs. Sickles, his wife's mother, relates the following choice episode: On one occasion, it seems, Vosburgh and his wife were preparing to leave the Sickles homestead after a visit. Vosburgh while packing his trunk took a pillow and a blanket from a bed, without asking permission, to make the contents pack tightly. Mrs. Vosburgh called to her mother, "Ma, George has got something of yours and won't tell me what it is."

"I asked him what he had taken, says Mrs. Sickles, when he enraged, opened the trunk, and taking out the blanket, threw it at me, saying, 'Take your d— old blanket.'"

"The remark frightened me, and I came down stairs and found Jane, who had heard the remark, and run into the kitchen. I went to the clothes-press and got a blanket of my own to loan Vosburgh, and as I entered the dining-room Mr. Gorse told me that Vosburgh had said to Hattie, 'You d— little b—, I tried to make something of you, and now I'll make you pay for it.'"

"I was amazed at his profanity, and knowing he was quick-tempered I said nothing to Hattie when she came down-stairs to put on her hat, for I saw she was ready to cry."

"She knew we had heard his oaths, and while arranging her hat she said, 'I expect he will fix me.'"

"I said, 'If ever he lays a hand on you, I'll fix him.'"

An Incestuous Grandfather.

COSHOCTON, Ohio, July 15.—Our town is now sniffling at the disagreeable odor of a first-class scandal. Rumors, that seem to be well substantiated by reports of respectable parties, say that on Friday an old man, about seventy years of age, a grocery merchant and prominent member of the Methodist church, was caught in the act of attempting to violate the person of his granddaughter, aged ten years. She subsequently said he threatened to whip her if she made any noise.

The mother of the child, his own daughter, said he had made a more persistent attempt of the same kind on her person last winter. The mother was requested to enter complaint in behalf of her outraged child, but declined because her father threatened her life if she did so. What seems in the public mind to confirm these reports is that during last night the old man was driven away by his son in a buggy, and did not return with him this morning.

The daughter and child also left on the 3.45 train west this morning, and a load of household goods followed.

BASER THAN BRUTES.

Shocking Details of the Outrage Perpetrated Upon an Insane Girl by Four Scoundrels Who Degrade God's Image.

LEBANON, O., July 11.—A full account of a most horrible and disgusting rape, committed on an insane girl, in an old church near Mason, in this state, was published some time since. A report of the trial of Ed Kelley, one of the four men recently charged with the commission of the crime, was published recently. He was found guilty, and now awaits sentence. Benjamin Fox, the second one of them, was arraigned before Judge Smith yesterday in the Common Pleas Court. Considerable time was occupied in examining medical experts in order to establish the fact of the girl's insanity. But the opinion of physicians is not necessary to prove that her mind is weak. One look at the poor creature is enough to satisfy the most skeptical. She paid no attention to what was going on around her, not apparently understanding that she was interested in, or a party to the proceedings.

The prisoner is a man about fifty-two or three years old, partially bald, with gray hair and sharp black eyes. He watched closely each witness that took the stand and

LISTENED ATTENTIVELY TO EVERY WORD.

The first witness called was Fritz Lowe, who testified that while taking his cows to pasture on the morning of the 11th of April last, he saw Fox at the church; was told by Fox that there was a girl in the church who wanted work. He told Fox that John Wagoner wanted a girl, and that as soon as he (Lowe) could get back from the pasture he would talk to her about it. On his return he found Fox still there. He waited outside while Fox went to talk with the girl. He heard him ask her if her feet hurt her yet, but didn't hear any answer. Fox then brought the girl out to him, and he started with her for Wagoner's. While on the road they came to a puddle of water. He turned around and told her to be careful or she would get her feet wet. As she raised her clothes to keep them from the mud he saw her underclothes were spotted with blood. She had great difficulty in walking. He left her at Wagoner's, and did not see her again until the examination.

Mr. Wagoner and his wife both testified as to her being lame and having blood on her underclothes. Several witnesses were called to whom he has admitted that he outraged the girl four times, and that she scratched his hand. He told Mr. Dodds that he had a notion to tell the whole thing.

H. Ridge, a barber, said that on the morning of the 11th Fox came into his shop and told him he (Fox) had had intercourse with the girl.

Fox himself was the next and last witness on the stand. He testified about as follows: Have seen the girl before to-day. Saw her at the old church near Mason. Was coming up town in the evening of the 10th; when near the hotel Jack Schofield told me there was a woman in the old church. Told him he

COULDN'T PLAY IT ON ME IN THAT WAY.

He said he was telling the truth; he had just left her. So I went to the church. Heard the girl there. She asked me who was there. I told her no one who would hurt her. I asked her what she was doing there. She said she was traveling from Lookland hunting work: couldn't get along with her mother at home. Then I said: "I am going to see who you are; I ain't going to be picked up by any one." Then I got a candle and matches. Putting out her hand to do so, she scratched my hand. When I left her I offered to get her a blanket if she was cold, which she refused. Next morning I took my brother Frank up to see her. We told her it was improper for her to stay out in old buildings this way; advised her to get a place, go to work, and quit this kind of life. She went off with Fritz Lowe. I did have conversation with Corrington, the town Marshal, next day; told him there was a "bad" piece at church last night. He told me I could have used the calaboose and had blankets if I had posted him. I did not force her or have intercourse with her against her will. All the conversation I had about it was in jocular manner, everybody joking me about it. Didn't try to give exact information. Never saw the girl until the night in the church. Five or six days after this I went to Foster's Croesing and the Twenty-mile stand. Was arrested on my way home.

This ended the testimony, and the four attorneys made their speeches, and the case went to the jury, which, after eight hours retirement, returned a verdict of guilty of attempt to rape.

A Wronged Woman's Vengeance.

(Subject of Illustration.)

CINCINNATI, O., July 17.—A shooting affair occurred in a hotel here to-day, in which Mrs. Black, a beautiful woman of Hamilton, O., shot at Mr. C. Scott Symmes, a grandson of Captain John Cleve Symmes, who was the originator of the Symmes's Hole theory. Sometime ago, it is said, Mrs. Black's husband, a Deputy Sheriff and prominent citizen of Hamilton, discovered that an intimacy existed between his wife and

Symmes. The husband confronted his wife with the charge and she is said to have confessed its truth. Black then started a suit of Symmes, with the express purpose of killing him. Symmes fled, however, first to Indiana and then to Ohio, where he finally returned to this city where he remained the greater part of the year. After his arrival here he made a statement in which he threw most of the blame on the woman, alleging that she followed him around and urged him to meet her at various places and at all hours of the night, at first professedly to talk about a divorce from her husband. This statement the woman denounces as untrue, unjust and cowardly on his part, and to-day she came to the city for the ostensible purpose of obtaining a written retraction of the statement. She asked him to sign a paper stating that it was not through her attentions to him but that all the advances came from him. He did as she desired him, and signed the paper. When he rose to leave her she offered her his hand and said, "Good-by Mamie." At this the woman says the thought of all the wrongs he had done her and her family came over her, and she drew a heavy revolver from her pocket and fired two shots at him, one so near that the powder burned his face, but neither took effect. She attempted to fire a third time when he caught hold of the pistol and disarmed her. She was arrested and taken to the office of the chief of police, but Symmes refused to bring any charge against her and she was dismissed. She is described as a very beautiful woman, and also possessed of some intelligence. Symmes is a decidedly good-looking fellow of about thirty, and a lawyer by profession. Mrs. Black has compromised with her husband, and is now living with him again.

The Bishop-Cobb Poisoning Case.

(With Portraits.)

NORWICH, Conn., July 15.—The trial of Wesley W. Bishop and Kate M. Cobb for the murder of the latter's husband, Charles H. Cobb, Jr., began to-day before the City Court. Judge Kellogg decided to try them separately, and, after both prisoners had pleaded not guilty, the trial of Bishop was first undertaken.

In the court room Bishop's manner was singularly unconcerned; he even laughed at whatever amusing testimony was given. Mrs. Cobb was apparently much overcome, leaning her head on her mother's shoulder with closed eyes most of the morning. She did not attend in the afternoon.

The verdict of the coroner's jury in the case of Mr. Cobb was that of poison administered by his wife, aided and abetted by Wesley W. Bishop. Mr. Cobb, who was city and town collector of taxes, was universally beloved by his townsmen for his pure and upright dealing, for his humanity and for his many commendable social qualities. About a year ago the wife of Mr. Wesley W. Bishop died suddenly in intense agony. She was sick less than twelve hours. At her funeral Mrs. Cobb, who had only been on speaking terms with her, appeared to be terribly affected. When the corpse was borne through the gates of the cemetery she fainted in her carriage.

Hardly two months passed ere Mr. Cobb was stricken with a singular illness. His symptoms were similar to those that ended in the death of Mrs. Bishop. Many physicians were called, but none of them could give any reason for his sickness or afford him any relief. It was said Mrs. Cobb and Mr. Bishop were frequently riding together; that he came to visit her half-a-dozen times in the forenoon; that they went to walk late at night, and that afterward he was seen in Mr. Cobb's house at precisely the time that Mr. Cobb's illness allowed him to go down to his office. Mr. Bishop was a grocer, and on this account he had an excuse for frequently stopping at Mr. Cobb's house. On one occasion Mr. Cobb forbade him to enter his house, but on account of his wife's friendliness for him he continued to visit. Once the neighbors remonstrated with Mrs. Cobb for her intimacy, and she answered petulantly, "Well, people can talk as much as they please, but Mr. Bishop has done nothing that we are ashamed of, and folks had better attend to their own business."

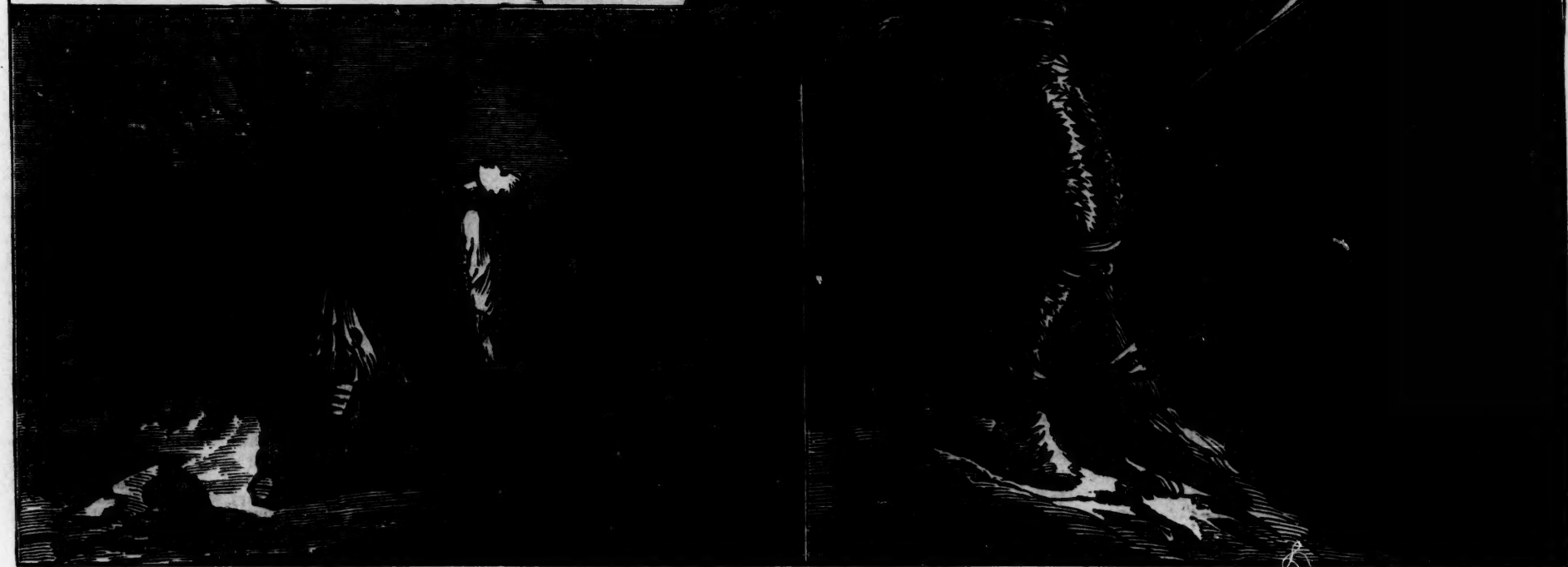
On the day that Mr. Cobb died, he was apparently in his usual health. He sat down to the dinner table and joked and talked with his wife in the most jovial humor. She handed him a cup of tea. It was a close, hot day, and he held it for a moment before he lifted it to his lips. Then he drank it. At once he said, "I feel strangely. What is the matter? I am hot all over. Take me to the lounge." The wife led him to a sofa, and he sank down exhausted, saying, "Don't feel afraid, Katie, it's nothing, I'll be over it in a moment." He died in a few moments.

The vitals of the deceased were sent to Professor Doremus of New York, who discovered in them large quantities of arsenic, and the verdict of the coroner's jury was given as stated above. Then, at the request of Mr. Bishop, the body of his wife was exhumed, and on examination by Professor Doremus, a similar result was obtained.

Each man on the coroner's jury was a Freemason, and all the doctors who made the post mortem examination were Masons. Bishop is a Mason, and so was Mr. Cobb.



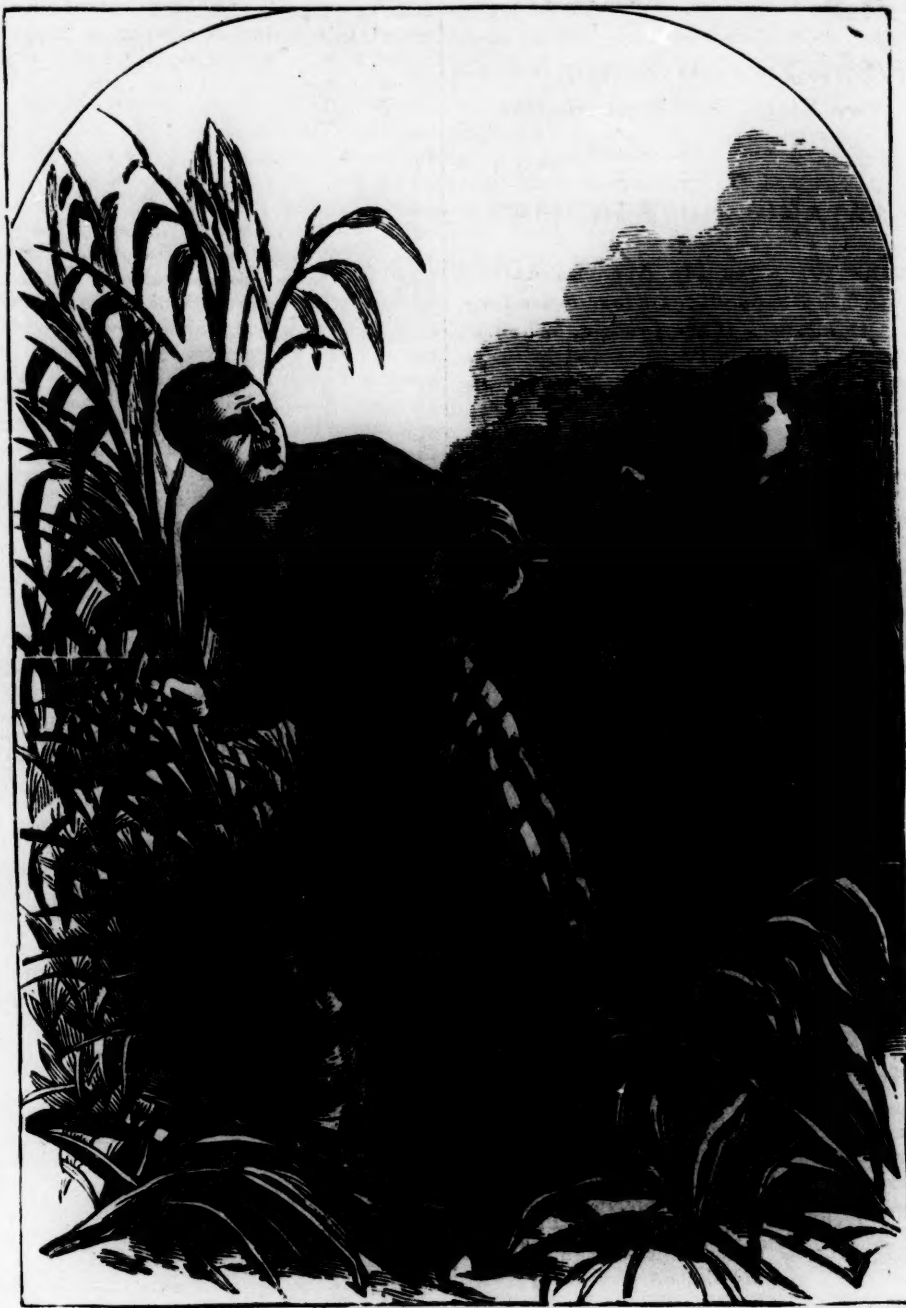
THE SCANTLIN TRAGEDY—ALBERT FISCHER'S SAVAGERY TO HIS HELPLESS VICTIM MOVES THE HEART OF A FEROCIOUS BULL-DOG TO INTERFERENCE IN HIS BEHALF, EVANSVILLE, IND.—SEE PAGE 10.



BRUTAL OUTRAGE ON MISS CARRIE WAYNE, A RESPECTABLE YOUNG LADY OF ELLERBEE, ALA., BY WILLIS BROCK, A NEGRO PEDDLER, AND PUNISHMENT OF THE BLACK FIEND.—SEE PAGE 3.



WALLACE C. LADUE SHOOTS THE ALLEGED SEDUCER OF HIS WIFE, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 5.



SHOOTING OF JACK ANDERSON, A DESPERATE ESCAPED CONVICT, NEAR CHESTER, ILL.—SEE PAGE 12.



LIFE AT THE WATERING PLACES—ONE OF THE CHARACTERS WHO HAUNT THEM—HOW HE GETS THERE, HOW HE FLOURISHES THERE, AND WHERE HE BRINGS UP.—SEE PAGE 2.

HOMICIDE HARVEST.

Reports From All Quarters Indicate
a Yield That Must Warm
the Heart of the

SATANIC HUSBANDMAN.

Who Will Provide Accommodations
in his Commodious Storehouse for
the Fruits of his Sowing, When

THE HANGMAN GATHERS THEM IN.

DEPRAVITY AND MURDER.

HOUSTON, Texas, July 15.—A bloody murder is also reported eight miles from Trinity Station, on the International and Great Northern railroad. The body of John Massey was found at the cabin of John Massey. The wife and family of Massey pretended Massey has suicided, but at the inquest it was proven Massey and a negro courting his daughter had murdered Massey in cold blood. Massey has been living in incest with his stepdaughter. He went to jail.

SHOT BY LYCHERS.

HOUSTON, Texas, July 15.—Another bloody assassination is reported near Perry, McLennan county. Campbell, stock raiser and farmer, was a well-known citizen, but for many years charged with nefarious cattle transactions. He had received repeated warnings of lynching for several years, but paid no attention to them. Having just returned from Maco, about midnight a crowd of masked men came up to the gate and called him out. Without ceremony they began shooting. Campbell fell murdered, pierced by a dozen balls. The lynchers then rode away, leaving the corpse lying in the yard.

MURDERERS RESPITED.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 15.—Carolina Grayson, Peter Grayson, Man Servis and Robert Love were recently convicted of murder at Fort Smith, Ark., and sentenced to death. Subsequently the sentences of the three last named were commuted to imprisonment for life, while Carolina Grayson's sentence to be hanged on the 19th inst. remains in force. To-day, however, a communication reached the department of justice that a delegation is on its way here to plead extenuating circumstances in the case and the President has given orders for a respite until they have an opportunity to make known such circumstances.

THE WIFE-SHOOTING SEASON IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 15.—Wenzel Marschek, a Bohemian saloon keeper on Twenty-sixth street, attempted to kill his wife this morning. For some time he has pretended to be jealous of his wife, and has frequently quarreled with her and often accused her of infidelity. Last week he consulted a fortune teller, who told him he was not the father of a baby boy presented him six months ago by his wife. He had often asserted that he believed the father of the child was Henry Schell, and the words of the fortune teller confirmed his belief. He entered his wife's bedroom and fired at her, the ball taking effect in her left shoulder blade and lodging in the neck. He dragged her from the bed, beating and kicking her in a most brutal manner. The woman managed to escape and ran to a neighbor's for protection. Marschek immediately ran out of the house, and up to the present time has escaped arrest. It is quite probable that the wounds will not prove fatal, but it is expected that Mrs. Marschek will lose her arm.

A NEGRO'S FATAL IMPUDENCE.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 15.—On Saturday last Thomas Morton, a sailor, while crossing a bridge near Centerville, Queen Ann county, observed a couple of colored boys, named Grace, playing, and jokingly ordered them to be quiet. They failed to pay attention to his threat, whereupon he drew a sheath-knife, at the sight of which they fled, pursued by Morton. While Morton was in pursuit of the boys he encountered Bill Grace, a young colored man, and a brother of the boys. Bill must have known that Morton only intended to scare the boys, for he said to him: "You had better mind how you scare them children or I'll put a head on you." This remark from the negro exasperated Morton, who said, "You black —, don't you tell a white man that you will put a head on him." More harsh words ensued, which led to blows, and the two clinched and fought some seconds. During the struggle Morton stabbed Grace in the body, causing a horrible wound, from which the injured man died. Morton made across Chester river to Kent county, and is still at large.

BEER AND BLOOD.

AVONDALE, Ohio, July 16.—A cutting affray which may have fatal results took place at the Avondale Exchange, about half-past four o'clock yesterday afternoon. At that hour a cattle dealer named Herman Teppe was seated in the bar-room of the house, when a dairyman named Mackey chanced to pass by. Both were somewhat under the influence of liquor, and Teppe

hailed Mackey with, "Here, you son of a —, come in and get a glass of beer." Mackey resented this invitation, whereupon Teppe repeated it, when Mackey said: "G—d—n you, if you want anything out of me, come out here and get it." One word brought to another, and ultimately the parties got to fighting. During the fight Mackey picked up two big rocks and struck Teppe in the head with them, producing frightful gashes. Teppe in return took out his pocket-knife and stabbed Mackey in the belly with it, inflicting a wound about three inches long, just below the right side of the naval. Mackey staggered to his home on the other side of the road after being out, his bowels protruded through his wound. Teppe also went to his home, but left it for parts unknown, after having his head dressed. Mackey's physicians, in consequence of the heat of the weather, feared inflammation. He is a married man with several children, and is said to be quite quarrelsome in his cups. Teppe lives on a dirt road, between the Carthage and Reading pikes. His injuries, too, are said to be quite severe.

BRUTAL WIFE MURDER.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 14.—Jerry Kennedy, a man of fifty years of age, shot and killed his wife at about 1 o'clock this morning, and mortally wounded himself. Kennedy has made his living by sailing on the lakes. For a month past he has been out of work and devoting his attention to drinking whisky and talking Communism. His acquaintances have always looked upon him as a reckless devil and a bad citizen generally. He has been in the habit of carrying firearms and knives and displaying them with striking regularity when under the influence of liquor. Kennedy and his wife lived in the rear of a three-story tenement house. Last night he went home pretty well under the influence of liquor. At 9 o'clock his landlord, a man named Stevens, saw him go up-stairs, but avoided meeting him, as he (Stevens) knew his tenant to be a rough character when in liquor. Kennedy had not entered his room before the landlord heard loud talking and swearing going on. The woman went out shortly afterward, and returned in a few minutes, it is now believed, with a fresh supply of whisky for her husband. Then there was silence for a few minutes, and Stevens went to sleep. About 1 o'clock he was aroused by more loud talk and ringing oaths from his sailor friend at the top of his voice. He heard Kennedy walking backward and forward on an outside porch or landing at the head of the stairs, and the words, "G—d—n you! G—d—n you!" repeated several times, caught his ears. Then he heard a shot and a scream, then another shot and several screams, then another and another, a thud upon the floor above, and all was silent again. Stevens, knowing what a dangerous man Kennedy was, did not attempt to interfere. He was even afraid to leave the house to give an alarm. Finally he rushed to a side window, and was about to endanger his neck, but hearing no noise he went to the front door, and, seeing nothing of Kennedy, went down the steps. Here the poor landlord, who was almost scared to death already, met with three footpads who were watching outside for a victim. They were some distance from the house, and probably did not hear the shooting. Stevens was grabbed by these fellows, but finding nothing on him worth taking they allowed him to go. When he had found a police officer the two went back, and after taking some precautions entered Kennedy's room. On the floor they found husband and wife in a pool of blood—the latter dead, the former mortally wounded. Four shots had been fired by Kennedy from a .38-calibre "Sportsman" pistol. One had entered the left side of the unfortunate woman, the other the right breast, another had pierced the wall under the bedstead, and the fourth had bored a hole through the lung of the murderer. Kennedy was removed to the County Hospital, where it is more than probable that he will die.

The Religious Riot.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., July 12.—The Polish-Lithuanian riot of Sunday last promises to be repeated at an early day. During the present week something like twelve lawsuits have been tried before the local aldermen here, all having grown out of Sunday's circus. The crowd that support the priest, Father Lanarkawicz, number two hundred in all, and they have signified their willingness to defend their pastor under all circumstances. The Lithuanian faction—or the anti-priest crowd, as they are called—number at least three hundred, and are described as being dangerous characters. They say openly that they will get rid of the pastor in some way before the next two weeks. If Archbishop Wood does not remove him they avow their willingness to drum him out of town. Considerable excitement was created this morning when it was learned that the Lithuanians were negotiating with the Keystone Guards, of Shenandoah, for the purchase of their guns and ammunition. One of the Lithuanian party was asked what they intended doing with the guns, when he replied: "To shoot our enemies." It is feared that blood will be spilled before the present trouble is over, and the authorities are preparing for the worst.

THE SCANTLIN HOMICIDE.

A Murderer's Savagery Shamed by the
Superior Humanity of a Ferocious
Bull-Dog which Interferes in Behalf
of the Victim.

(Subject of Illustration.)

EVANSVILLE, Ind., July 10.—On Wednesday afternoon last John Scantlin, who had been drinking considerably, went to the saloon of Albert Fischer, on Fourth street, and got into a quarrel with the proprietor about some trivial dispute and became very abusive and threatening. He was ordered out and then stood in the street and dared Fischer to come out and fight him like a man. He continued the abuse and seems to have provoked Fischer to a great extent, although the latter refused to have any fight and ordered him to leave, behaving very properly. On Thursday morning, about seven o'clock, the wife of Henry Waldschmitt, the grocer two doors from Fischer's, was going home with a basket of cherries. As she crossed the street she saw Scantlin in front of old Joe Nichtern's, a few doors below. He was going toward Waldschmitt's. As Mrs. Waldschmitt reached her own door Mrs. Fischer, who was standing in front of the hotel, called out to her husband:

"Here comes Scantlin,
"GO FOR HIM!"

Mrs. Waldschmitt entered the store and went back into the bar in the rear. Scantlin came in also and went back to the bar, followed only a few feet in the rear by Fischer, who had a beer mallet concealed under his vest. As Scantlin paused at the bar he dropped his handkerchief and stooped to pick it up. At that moment, while his face was to the ground, Fischer swung his mallet and struck the defenseless man a terrible blow on the back of the head. Mrs. Waldschmitt heard the blow and turned. There were other persons in the room. As soon as the blow was dealt poor Scantlin tried to look up, and as he raised his head received another terrific stroke from the murderous mallet on his forehead, which brought a stream of blood pouring. He cried out, "Don't! oh, don't!" and, stooping forward to avoid the blood which flowed down into his eyes, began to retreat through the bar into Mrs. Waldschmitt's room. As he backed, step by step, Fischer followed, raining blow after blow upon his bent head, one of which took effect just above the temple on the side. There was a side door from the room opening upon the yard. Scantlin was backing out of this. Outside of the door lay a ferocious watch bull-dog upon the pavement. As Scantlin retreated Mrs. Waldschmitt and her daughter cried out to Fischer to desist, but none of the spectators ventured to interfere. As the two approached the door where the dog lay, however, the fierce beast roused up at the smell of blood, and with a deep growl leaped past Scantlin, with almost human pity, and

SEIZED FISCHER BY THE LEG.

This made the assailant pause, and as he looked down the dog leaped to his throat, but Fischer darted aside, and avoided the attack. Mrs. Waldschmitt then rushed forward with almost misplaced mercy and restrained the dog, while Fischer left and went to his hotel. As he passed out the door he shook his mallet and boastfully said—

"I am a man—I went for him."

Scantlin, who had not fallen, was bleeding terribly, but managed to walk. He said nothing but went out of the store and went off toward Main street, after which the affair was gossiped about awhile and apparently forgotten.

The floor of the bar and the pavement in front of the house were covered with blood, which Mr. Waldschmitt caused to be cleaned up by Burden Parker, who was then sent into Fischer's for his pay. Mrs. Fischer produced the mallet from behind the counter, and holding it up and exultingly—

"This is the mallet that did it. My husband went for him."

Nothing more was heard of Scantlin until Friday, when two of his friends who were in search of him were told that he had been last seen going into the "Marble Hall" on the day before, streaming with blood. They went up-stairs and after looking into several rooms found Scantlin in the rear room. One looked through the key-hole and cried,

"HERE HE IS, DEAD."

They opened the door and found him lying on the floor with his clothes partially removed, his shirt torn off and swathed about his neck, soaked with the blood he had attempted to wipe from his face and head.

He lay where a stream of burning sunlight fell through a window. Examining the body, it was discovered that the unfortunate man was breathing in short gasps, with an occasional long breath. They moved him into the shade and summoned Constable Brennecke, who went to the room and despatched messengers for physicians. Scantlin was like a log, utterly unconscious, with one eye open, set and glazed. His limbs were numb and rigid, and his feet cold as ice. All attempts to rouse him from his deadly stupor failed. His relatives were summoned, who did everything possible, and had him ten-

derly conveyed to St. Mary's Hospital, where his wounds were washed and dressed. The skull was not fractured, but there was a serious concussion of the brain, which paralyzed all his faculties. It was impossible to give him food, as his throat was contracted, and nothing could be passed into it. Last night he was alive, but in such a condition that no hopes of his life are entertained. He was still unconscious and breathing quickly with a heavy gurgling sound. The pallor of death was on his features, and the nurses spoke of his situation dejectedly.

Fischer has been arrested. He has been known heretofore as an industrious and well disposed man.

A Sad Romance.

On Monday, 15th inst., Mr. Thomas Ward, who is employed at Chapman's dock, Newtown Creek, Brooklyn, noticed a well-dressed woman, who appeared to be slightly intoxicated, after stealthily creeping along by a pile of bricks, throw off her hat and prepare to leap in the water. He arrested and took her to the Sixth precinct station, and to his great astonishment, while on the way she sang charmingly, attracting a large crowd of persons.

On arriving at the station she said her name was Harriet Osborn, twenty-two years of age; denied that she was in the habit of drinking, and declared that there was no reason to detain her. She was a beautiful blonde, of refined manners and neatly dressed, and Captain Worth decided that she was not intoxicated. Police Surgeon Loewenstein was sent for and pronounced her insane. As soon as she heard this she abandoned her reticence and said that she had escaped from Dr. Nagle's lunatic asylum on the Hudson river, where she had been for two years past. She threatened to kill herself if locked in a cell, and was given the privilege of the corridor, with a little girl and boy, who were charged with larceny, for her companions.

She went from cell to cell comforting the prisoners, and when she sang, which was unceasingly, all listened, some of the occupants of the cells crying at the pathos of her voice. She occupied herself tripping about from one cell to another, until James McCuen, of 32 Withers street, and his wife Mollie were brought in, both suffering from the effects of a desperate domestic fight, in which McCuen had been out with different weapons by his wife, presenting a pitiable appearance.

Miss Osborn, at the sight of the blood on McCuen, instantly became a raving maniac, and climbed up one of the cell doors, trying to hang herself with a handkerchief, and declaring that she would kill herself.

After she became calm again she said she was a member of a good family in Brooklyn; that her mother was buried in Calvary, and she intended to have killed herself on her mother's grave, but lost her way. She said she had been betrayed by George H. Hatch, of Twentieth street, near Fourth avenue, some four years ago, and that she loved him so devotedly that when he died, two years since, she determined to kill herself and child, and, being detected, had her child taken from her, and had been in the asylum since.

"But," she said, "I will meet George soon in heaven. Of that be assured."

Then she broke out singing again, in such pathetic strains that rough but tender-hearted Doorman Behlen joined the prisoners in crying, and the little girl and very little boy, her companions in the corridor, sobbed as if their hearts would break, whereupon she soothed and kissed them, and the three finally nestled down in company and fell asleep together. She will probably be sent to the asylum.

A High Official's Scrape.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 17.—Serious charges of immorality against Mr. John Tyler, collector of customs at Buffalo, N. Y., have been filed at the treasury department, and are now being investigated. The charge is, in effect, that Mr. Tyler, who is a married man, is the seducer of a young daughter of a prominent business man of Buffalo, residing on Delaware street in that city.

The girl, who is said to be weak-minded, is in a lying-in retreat near New York City. Mr. Tyler is said to have owned the truth of the girl's statement to her father, but he has denied it to all his friends, and the treasury authorities refuse to give any clue to the character of the evidence produced.

The facts were communicated to President Hayes by a friend of the girl's family, said to be S. S. Guthrie, an old acquaintance of the President, formerly of Ohio, but now a resident of Buffalo, and an agent of the treasury department was immediately sent there to investigate them.

In case of Mr. Tyler's removal he will probably be succeeded by ex-Mayor Brush, ex-Sheriff Weber, or the present deputy collector, C. C. Canbee.

Mr. Tyler was a retired officer of the regular army when he was appointed collector by President Grant. He lost an arm in the late war,

A PRINCE OF PRODIGALS.

Wild and Reckless Career of an Eccentric Young Englishman of Immense Fortune.

A STRANGE CHARACTER.

Scholar, Scientist, Traveler and Millionaire he is Ambitious only of the Distinction

OF A CRAZY PROFLIGATE.

The Leavenworth, Kansas, Times publishes the following history of the eccentric and wealthy Englishman whose mysterious death in that city was noted in our preceding issue:

The announcement which spread yesterday through the city like wild-fire that Henry Green, or the "crazy Englishman," the cognomen by which he was more familiarly known, had been found dead in a ravine on Twentieth street, was a matter of no considerable surprise to any one, as the event had been a thousand times foretold, the surprise being, in fact, that it had not occurred sooner. The freaks and eccentricities of Green have formed the basis of many a newspaper story, and his career, or at least that portion of it connected with the earlier portion of his residence in Leavenworth, is familiar to nearly every one. He embodied in his make-up many dissimilar ingredients—being a spendthrift, and a man who was fond of reading and study; a man almost continually in his cups, although during the last year of his life it does not appear that he worshipped so earnestly and faithfully at the shrine of Bacchus as he had previous to that time, and at the same time

A LOVER OF THE SCIENCES; a man of high breeding and rare, eminent social attainments, a fascinating conversationalist, intimate with the geography and the history of the world, a traveler in a certain sense of word, having traversed all of Europe and a major portion of our and parts of other continents, and yet choosing low companions (previous to the last two years, during which he was practically a recluse), and delighting in Bacchanalian revels from which the soul of an ordinary mortal would turn in horror. Possessed of a memory co-extensive in its grasp with the scope of a hundred abstruse subjects, he fascinated those who came near him when he chose to exert himself in the delightful art of pleasing; and then in the space of a few hours, transformed himself from the polished gentleman, and traveled scholar, and the man of science and letters, into a wild and reckless devotee of sin, whose sole aim seemed to be to set at defiance the code of morality and goodness, in the mad endeavor to satisfy an insatiable thirst, an inordinate craving for the notoriety of

AN ABANDONED DEBAUCHER.

For months he kept this city in a constant whirl of excitement, the expectancy arising almost to suspense, as was awaited the news of the latest freak of this apparent madman. Possessed of an income which rivaled that of any merchant prince in the west, and having control of a magnificent property, he chose rather to throw himself away than to reap the constantly ripening benefits which riches bestow. He was a graduate of one of the first of England's universities, but during his college life and succeeding that period he led such a wild and reckless life that he estranged his family, and being too stubborn to yield, he departed from home, friends and kindred and became a wanderer. From a source which may be estimated as reliable is gathered the information that his property was estimated at \$3,000,000, the estate originally of the family being \$9,000,000, and divided equally between three heirs, of which he was one. The story of his fortune is told in various ways, but all agree that he was very wealthy. Not being able to competently and judiciously manage the estate himself, it was taken out of his hands and a certain sum allowed him for a living, about \$10,000 a year. He took no care of himself in his manner of living, and even when having control of an almost unlimited supply of money he was unmindful of his dress, although not what might be called slovenly in his habits. His first appearance in Leavenworth was nearly four years ago, when he made a most tremendous stir by his liberality and generosity, spending thousands upon his friends and reserving

NOT A SINGLE CENT FOR HIMSELF.

His liquor bills were frequently from \$300 to \$500 per month, not for himself, most certainly, but for his friends, of whom, as a matter of necessity, he had hundreds. It was his delight to carry weapons, and would often appear upon the streets with three or four pistols, daggers, hunting knives, poniards, etc., concealed upon his person, which he would give to his friends as soon as they ceased to tickle his capricious fancy. In conversation with a friend one day—but whether he was in a strictly sober condition or

not it is impossible to say—he stated that the reason of his leaving England was that he had had a quarrel with a friend, and in the ensuing conflict he killed his companion. Very fond was he, most certainly, of handling firearms, as was amply evinced by the shooting of a hackman at Kansas City, he paying the wounded jehu a large sum not to prosecute. The latter had much the best of the bargain, as he was not seriously hurt, and would, doubtless, be willing to be shot over again for the same money.

Again, while in Kansas City, he accidentally discharged his revolver while in a public carriage, receiving a severe wound in the thigh, suffering great

PROSTRATION FROM LOSS OF BLOOD.

So utterly wild and reckless had he become, that his death was prophesied in a short time, but the lucky star which shines for those who seem to appreciate its protecting rays the least kept watch and ward over him, and for the time being he escaped unharmed. To detail the wild vagaries of this strange being is utterly beyond the task of mortal man, but there is probably room enough to refer to the freak which led to the inception and carrying out of a mock funeral.

One night while disordered fancy was holding high revel in his brain he hired a hearse, a coffin and several mourning carriages, and proceeded to have a funeral all by himself. He placed the coffin inside the hearse, got into the coffin, attended by a bottle of whisky, and with the hired carriages following the solemn procession, took its course through the principal streets of the city just as the mantle of night was being drawn about the tired metropolis. No one in particular noticed the cortege as it wound its way through the crowds of carriages and buggies laden with pleasure-seekers, merely remarking, perhaps, that it was a queer time of day

FOR SUCH AN OBSERVANCE.

But when the procession made its appearance upon the same thoroughfares two or three times in quick succession and its not having been to any cemeteries in the interval, the idea gradually dawned upon the people that they were being duped, and upon closer investigation Green was found sitting upon his coffin in the hearse drinking and having the best time imaginable, and too much under the influence of liquor to realize what a sacrilegious piece of mockery it really was.

Green's one great mania was riding in hacks. He would hire a hack in the city by the month, paying a fabulous sum for it, and would rarely ever be seen walking. He was uneasy when seated in any other description of vehicle, and there are hundreds who have doubtless noticed this same peculiarity. He was generous to a fault, never looking twice at a bill when tendering it in payment for anything, and thus it was that he was continually imposed upon and continually

ROBBED OF THOUSANDS.

For the past three years or so he has been living at the residence of Mr. George Waller, corner of Osage and Tenth streets, and during the past year has been down in town so seldom and been seen in public so little that he was well nigh forgotten by a majority of our citizens, and he existing in their minds simply as a strange and fantastic dream, until the whole city was startled yesterday by the report of his death. It seems that he had continued his old drinking habits, though in a somewhat modified form, devoting his time mainly to the study of chemistry of which he was passionately fond. It would appear, also, that the failure of the usual remittance from England together with the weight of accumulated debt, weighed so heavily upon him, he in a weak and ungarded moment, with the fibres of his being all but unstrung by the influences of deep potations, he prepared the fatal dose which was the cause of the unveiling to Henry Green of the mysteries of the silent land. A better temperance lesson could probably not be taught, and drink was at the bottom of it all.

An Affecting Interview.

In cell No. 40 on the second tier of the City Prison is the famous forger William E. Gray. This is the cell from which William J. Sharkey, the murderer, effected his celebrated escape. The patent dressing tables and washbowls which Sharkey had fitted up in the cell at his own expense still remain there, and Gray congratulates himself on the fact. He has made some attempt at beautifying the cell by hanging up some pictures. He is extremely reticent, and refers all reporters to his counsel, Messrs. Beach & Brown. On Tuesday, 16th inst., Gray's father, the Rev. Edward H. Gray, who was chaplain of the United States Senate from 1861 to 1869, called at the Tombs. Mr. Gray, Sr., who was attired in clerical garb, was received by Warden Finn. He said that he had come from Washington to see his son. Warden Finn at once conducted him to his son's cell, and the interview between father and son, which was over an hour in duration, is said by the Warden to have been of a most affecting character. Mr. Gray, Sr., on leaving the Tombs, informed Warden Finn that he would call every day, if he would be permitted to do so, to see his unfortunate son.

LED TO HER RUIN.

A Young Husband's Perfidy and a Foolish Girl's Fatal Infatuation.

A little more than a year ago, Jeannette Lyons, a young lady of prepossessing appearance, made her home on Palisade avenue, Jersey City, with her brother, her only living relative. She had not resided there long when she procured a position as seamstress in a family of a Mr. Meschermier, a few doors from where she took up her abode.

While thus employed she formed the acquaintance of a young law student, who, since that time, has been admitted to the bar and established an office at 170 Broadway, New York. At this time he had been married but three months to the daughter of a well-known citizen of that city.

He courted the good graces of his new friend, and notwithstanding his position in society and his marital vows made before the Rev. Father Seton, of St. Joseph's Church, only three months previous, he sought every opportunity to enjoy the society of Miss Lyons. They frequently walked out evenings together, and quite as frequently indulged in ice cream, etc., while upon their evening rambles. According to her story he soon

ACCOMPLISHED HER RUIN.

A short time after, he took her to his boarding house—the abode of his wife and her father—and there it was that she first learned that he was a married man. He continued his attentions to Miss Lyons until two weeks ago, when the girl's condition was noticed by his mother-in-law, who urged her to reveal the facts, assuring her of continued friendship in the hour of her trial.

She informed the lady, to her great astonishment, that her son-in-law was the guilty man. On his return home that evening the husband was met by his infuriated mother-in-law and taxed with his villainy, but he denied all knowledge of the facts, and, in company with his wife, immediately took refuge in the house of his parents, in Hopkins avenue, Hudson City.

The next morning at an early hour, he paid Miss Lyons a visit, and at her bedside, promised to supply her with a certain sum of money, and secure her admission into an institution in New York where she

WOULD RECEIVE PROPER TREATMENT.

He went to New York that day and made arrangements for her, and told her to go over the next day, and give her residence as 1647 Second avenue; that a friend of his resided there, with whom he had made things all right, but should she tell them she resided in New Jersey they would not receive her.

This she intended to do for his sake, but on the morning of the day appointed for her departure she was taken sick and was obliged to remain where she was until she became a mother. As the child was likely to become chargeable to the city, the facts were communicated to J. E. Hewitt, Esq., Poormaster of Jersey City, who, in company with Justice Laird, visited the girl and took her affidavit as to the parentage of the infant, and a warrant was issued for the father's arrest, which was placed in Officer Locke's hands and duly executed on the 17th inst., he giving \$500 bail to appear for examination on August 1.

His wife, believing him guilty of the charges brought against him and the sad story of Miss Lyons to be true, threatens separation and a suit for bigamy.

The Milton Outrage.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 15.—The Heuser affair at Milton-on-the-Hudson is still the topic in this region. The overwhelming weight of opinion is that an outrage was attempted. A distinguished physician of this city, after a thorough investigation, says that Miss Heuser, even if afflicted with hysteria, could not possibly have placed herself, unaided, in the plight in which she was found, and that there was some kind of anesthetic on the sponge is now admitted by those who have heretofore denied it. The afflicted family have been pained by cruel insinuations. It is no exaggeration to say that nine-tenths of the respectable residents of the place have full confidence in the girl's narrative of the assault. She feels pignantly the painful notoriety that has fallen to her lot, and her health, it is feared, may be permanently affected by it.

Miss Louise Heuser is a resident of New York city, and a member in good standing of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church at Fifty-third street and Fifth avenue. She is in her eighteenth year. While spending the past few months in the society of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Dr. Hasbrouck, in Milton-on-Hudson, she incurred the hostility of certain residents of the place by refusing to associate with them, and by a bearing that they termed "putting on city airs." On the night of the Fourth of July she was found stripped, gagged, and chloroformed in the hall of her brother's house. When discovered she was unconscious, but on regaining her senses she said that she had been assaulted by two men in black masks who had crept into the house in the absence of the family. Her clothes

were found carefully and neatly piled in two heaps, her jewelry, combs, and other ornaments had been taken off without violence and laid on top of the clothes, and these facts led at one time to the supposition that a woman might have been at the bottom of the assault. Miss Heuser has received messages of sympathy and condolence from many friends in New York city, including her pastor, Dr. William F. Morgan.

THE HOODLUMS' FOURTH.

Sending up a Rocket with a Bomb and Cat Attachment.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 6.—The details of the tricks resorted to by San Francisco hoodlums in the gratification of their fiendish propensities and the inventive talent displayed in the execution of their plans are such as might furnish good material for a yellow-colored romance, or would reflect credit upon the judges of the ancient Inquisition. As a gentleman was meandering around town on the evening of the Fourth he was startled when at the corner of Market and Sixth streets by a howling dog coming around the corner, and a crowd of young ruffians following in hot pursuit, laughing and cheering boisterously. The astonished man turned to see what was the matter, and discovered the unhappy dog going through the most extraordinary contortions, his tail appearing to snap and flash in the dusk at every jump. The gentleman made a few steps toward the animal with the intention of smothering the burning punk which was attached to the brute's tail, but the wretched dog had lost all faith in man, and once more started on his wild run. He soon disappeared around an adjacent corner, and was seen no more. On the afternoon of the same day, one of the gang of hoodlums hanging around in the neighborhood of Mason and Francisco streets, suggested the idea of sending up

A SKY ROCKET WITH A CAT ATTACHED.

A sudden burst of joy rent the air, and all cheerfully assented, and rubbed their hands with delight at the idea. The expenses of the experiment being collected, they repaired to an adjacent store and purchased the largest rocket manufactured.

The captain appointed a committee of two to get the principal article, the cat, and they dispersed with the understanding that they would meet on the beach near Meiggs' wharf, at 4 o'clock. At the appointed hour every one was ready except the cat, which had refused to be caught. After a short consultation, when the committee had made its excuses, the captain detailed about three-fourths of the crowd to search all neighboring back yards thoroughly and catch a cat. One unfortunate was soon secured, a slip-knot placed around its neck, the noose drawn tight, and the other end attached to a large rocket. Everything being considered in a satisfactory condition, the boy who seemed to be engineering the experiment, ordered the fuse to be touched off. A punk was about to be applied to the fuse, when the captain ordered all movements to stop. All eyes were immediately upon the captain, and the younger members of the gang gazed upon him with amazement, fearful that a touch of humanity was going to interfere with their sport. The captain said he thought it would be a good idea to attach

A CHINESE BOMB TO THE ANIMAL'S TAIL.

A boy was dispatched to purchase the article. He soon returned with a tremendous bomb. It was examined by almost every member of the gang, and after the majority had expressed their opinions as to the strength of the article, the captain, with his usual imperious manner, pronounced it large and powerful enough, and ordered it to be attached to the animal's tail. Work was recommenced. A strong piece of string was placed around the cat's tail, the other end made fast to the bomb. The string between the cat and bomb was about six inches long. The order was given and the fuse to the bomb was set on fire, also the fuse of the skyrocket. The skyrocket started up with the rapidity of lightning. The cat could be seen struggling until the rocket had reached its highest altitude, and at this point the bomb burst, and the cat, like the dog, disappeared and was seen no more. The string to the stick and a little piece of fur, which had glued to the string, were the only evidences of the ascension which had proved so disastrous to the cat.

The O'Neil Murder Mystery.

PEORIA, Ill., July 14.—There are no new developments in the O'Neil murder case, for which crime Kitty Stahl and Hattie Gray are now held in custody. Sheriff Hitchcock, who caused the arrest, is absent, and nothing will probably be done until his return. Hitchcock, as is well known, generally knows what he is about, and the simple fact that he has made the arrest is significant. The Evening Journal pronounces Mrs. Stahl innocent, and says she can prove an alibi by three or four witnesses. It is asserted by some who are supposed to be in Hitchcock's confidence, that she has made confession to parties here. Hitchcock will be home next week, and then his evidence will be produced. Meanwhile, there is considerable excitement over the affair, particularly in Bloomington.

A Midnight Raider Killed.

(Subject of Illustration.)

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 15.—A short time since a band of disguised men went into Bellbuckle, Bedford county, at midnight, took from the calaboose a poor white fellow, carried him to the woods and severely flogged him. An indignation meeting was held and the outrage denounced. The masked men sent word that they intended to burn the town and summarily deal with all who had denounced them. Fearing a night assault the white and colored citizens loaded their guns and have slept on their arms ever since. At one o'clock this morning fifteen men on horseback met and threatened the life of Dr. McCrory, who was returning from a sick call. They also saw Bob Chambers, colored, coming from church and informed him they had broken into his house. They subsequently broke open the house of Dick Allen (colored), helped themselves to tobacco and smashed a trunk. They next visited the cabin of Calvin Anderson (colored), and commanded him to "Come out of



A DISGUISED MIDNIGHT RAIDER KILLED BY CALVIN ANDERSON, BELLBUCKLE, TENN.

June 12, 1877, for the term of two years for burglary and larceny. He was recognized as the greatest desperado in prison. He died at 7.30 this evening.

Murdered in a Brothel.

(Subject of Illustration.)

TAUNTON, Mass., July 16.—Patrick O'Keefe was shot through the heart last night at a brothel in this city by Brock, a son of the proprietress. Cause supposed to be jealousy. Brock was arrested to-day at Raynham, Mass., while boarding a Boston train. It appears that he fired two shots, the first passing through Lisa Ridlon's arm and the other through O'Keefe's heart. O'Keefe sprang from his bed to the floor but did not speak, living but a few moments after the shooting. O'Keefe was a saloon keeper with bad antecedents. Brock is twenty-one years of age and a hunter of brothels. Brock has been very intimate with the girl Ridlon and was extremely jealous.

DETROIT, Mich., July 15.—Chas. Peltier, the would-be wife-murderer and suicide, died last night. His wife is still alive and will probably recover



THREE IN A BED—REV. J. H. WHEELER'S ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY OF AN INTRUDER IN HIS NUPTIAL COUCH, AND HOW THE INDIGNANT REVEREND GENTLEMAN DISPOSED OF HIM, BEAUFORT, N. C.—SEE PAGE 3.



BROCK'S MURDER OF O'KEEFE IN A BROTHEL IN TAUNTON, MASS.

there, God damn you." He asked what they wanted. "We want you and have come to get you," was the response. Looking through a crack in the door Anderson saw five men all disguised in a grotesque red and white garb. Anderson told them to go away, as he never bothered anybody. "God damn you," said they, "if you don't come out we will break down the door and take you anyhow." They then broke the door down with a fence rail, and as the first one, Robert M. Lowe, stepped within the doorway Anderson fired a load of buckshot from an old army gun into his right breast, killing him instantly. Anderson tried to fire a revolver, and finding he could not find the woods, followed by three shots. The disguised men hastily picking up the dead body of Lowe, his lawless comrades carried it a mile away, leaving behind two mules and several disguises, which Anderson took to Shelbyville this morning, giving himself up. The universal sentiment is that Anderson served Lowe right.

A Desperado's Death.

(Subject of Illustration.)

CHESTER, Ill., July 12.—This afternoon a convict at the Southern Illinois Penitentiary named Jack Anderson, while working in the land-stone quarry about three-quarters of a mile from the prison, broke away, and although called upon to halt, still persisted in his attempt to escape. One of the guards fired upon him, wounding him in the knee. A guard rushed up to him, and told him that he must not try to get into a cornfield which was hard by. The man said he would, and made for the corn-field, but was headed off and shot down by another guard. Anderson was sentenced from McLean county,



BLOODY ROW AT THE McGRATH CHRISTENING, WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 5

Desperate Fight with Tramps.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Railroad avenue in Rahway, N. J., is the thoroughfare for the tramps coming from or going to either New York or Philadelphia. They rarely stop there, as there is an ordinance, rigidly enforced, that compels them to work on the highways for their lodging and edibles, and if they refuse to do it they are sent to the Penitentiary to labor, and have made that institution self-supporting. On Railroad avenue, on the outskirts of the city, is the residence of Alfred Merriek. This gentleman and his family are absent, and a gang of tramps when they learned this fact entered the house on Saturday night, 13th inst., ransacked it and thoroughly cleaned out the larder. They intended having a glorious time, and would, no doubt, had not the lights attracted the attention of Policeman Lawler, who was seated on the steps of the station house, a short distance from Mr. Merriek's place. The officer, when he investigated the cause of the illumination, discovered the tramps in possession. He ordered them out, when one of the tramps, a powerful fellow, put the officer out. Lawler again entered, when the tramp drew a razor and rushed at him, whereupon the officer drawing his club, dealt the tramp a heavy blow, which stunned him. The officer sounded the alarm when he was ejected, and his call was promptly responded to by Chief of Police Wright and a number of citizens. As the latter entered the entire gang of tramps began to fight. The one who was struck by the club revived and assumed the leadership. They were soon overpowered and taken into custody. In

the police station the man who was struck by Lawler began to act strangely and a physician was sent for. An examination revealed the fact that his skull was fractured. His name or residence could not be ascertained.



THE BISHOP-COBB POISONING CASE.—1—WESLEY W. BISHOP. 2—KATIE M. COBB, THE ACCUSED. 3—HATTIE BISHOP. 4—CHARLES H. COBB, JR., THE VICTIMS.—SEE PAGE 7.

A Police Clubbist Rightly Served.

(Subject of Illustration.)

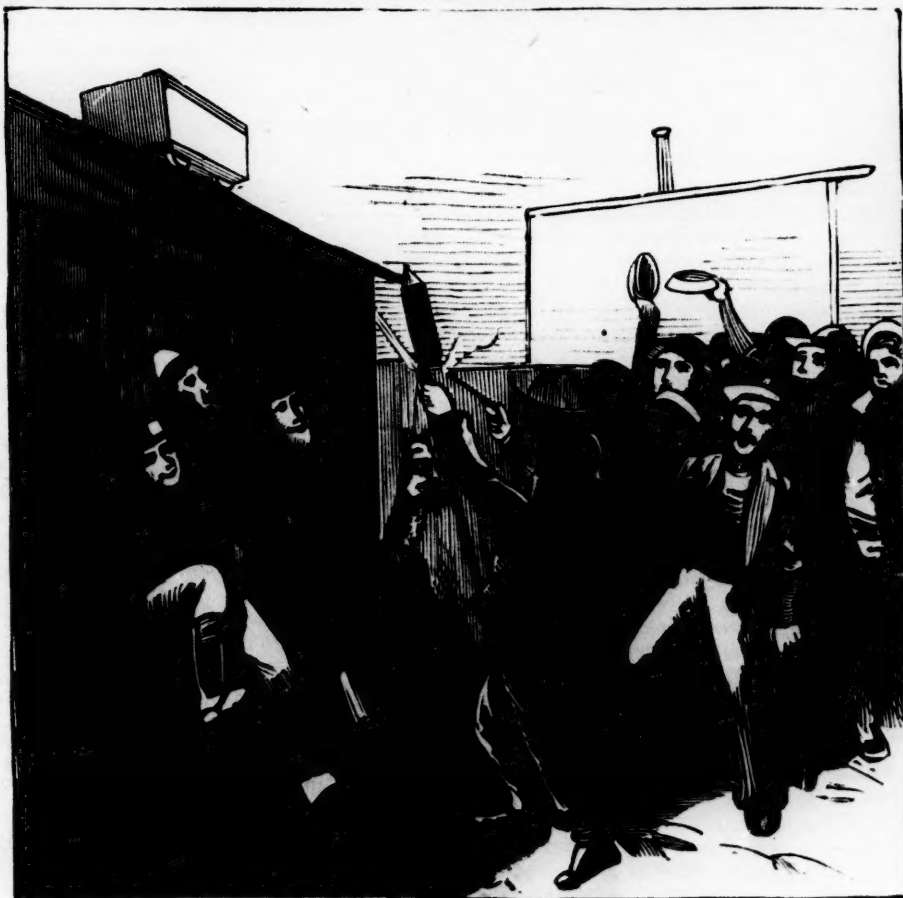
The four miles and a half of Coney Island beach was crowded Sunday, 14th inst., yet less

get a pistol from his pocket and shot his assailant (Feeback), killing him instantly. It is a very aggravated case, and justice forbids any expression of opinion at this time.

so than on the previous Sunday, on account of the morning's threat of rain. Lager beer was the common beverage, and little else was drunk, either water or fiery liquors; yet there was some drunkenness, and early in the evening serious trouble. This latter was in the Atlantic Garden, where a police officer brutally clubbed a man. The victim walked about with a bleeding head until he excited the indignation of the multitude. The officer, it was said, had made an unjustifiable assault, and was soon joined by his comrades, who seemed anxious to assist him. The throng was rudely pushed back, until a general resistance was made, and a fierce demand that the offending officer should be lynched. His comrades endeavored to protect him, but he foolishly braved the wrath of the beaten man's friends, and was fearfully beaten. He might have been killed if he had not been rescued and locked up. There was much excitement, and the neighborhood of Cable's was the scene of wild confusion. It is said that the officer who made the assault was drunk.

Bloody Encounter.

CYNTHIANA, Ky., July 15.—In the Buena Vista Precinct in this county yesterday Corbin Feeback and a young German named Jacob Douthman, had a dispute, when Feeback attacked his adversary with a huge knife, throwing him down. Douthman, however, managed to



SAN FRANCISCO HOODLUMS SEND UP A CAT ON A SKY-ROCKET, ON THE FOURTH.—SEE PAGE 11.



MRS. MARY BLACK'S ATTACK ON HER SEDUCER, C. SCOTT SYMMES, IN THE HOTEL EMERY, CINCINNATI, O.—SEE PAGE 7.

GONE TO MEET ITS GRANDPA

How a Sensational Scandal was Precipitated upon the Upper Strata of Zanesville Society.

"HERE'S WHAT'S OF HIM."

The Mysterious Bundle which was Left in the Hands of a Staid old Physician as a Reminder

OF HIS SON'S INDISCRETION.

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, July 15.—The upper strata of society here is becoming badly worked up over the short-comings and frailties of its members, and its aristocratic pulse beats high and strong with the fever which the developments of the past few days have generated. Following close upon the heels of the Atwell-Munkhouse fracas on the street comes a bit of a sensation that will furnish food for the gossiping scandal-mongers for a few days, until, perhaps, it will be relieved—or rather replaced—by a fresh morsel.

Thursday evening a rapidly-driven barouche stopped in front of Dr. E. A. Farquhar's office door, on Putnam avenue, in the Ninth Ward, and one of two ladies who were seated inside got out, bearing in her hands a small bundle, neatly and carefully wrapped in fine linen and cambric. She knocked at the door, and upon its being opened by the porter, the lady asked for the doctor, who soon appeared. The lady, without raising her veil, said: "I suppose you are the senior Dr. Farquhar?" to which that gentleman replied:

"I AM THE PERSON, MADAME."

"Is George Farquhar your son?"

"Yes, Madame; why do you ask?" queried the old gentleman of her.

"Here's what's of him; he is the father of this child; I will leave it with you for him," and before the horrified parent could find voice enough to speak, the door closed after the rapidly retreating form of the lady, who quickly re-entered the barouche and was driven as rapidly away as she had come.

The doctor, thinking only of the object before him, forgot to stop the fleeing woman, or even to ask her name, until it was too late; and the doctor was alone with his "grand-child," who, upon examination, proved to be a fine healthy girl about a week or ten days old. Then he suddenly seemed to think it would be proper to inquire into the matter before deciding upon the compulsory adoption of his would-be relative, and for this purpose mounted his horse and gave chase; but swiftly and mysteriously the carriage, with its guilty occupants, had disappeared.

The babe was allowed to remain over night and part of next day, when an elderly woman called for it, saying she had been sent by its mother to bring it back, until the return of "Gentleman George," perhaps from Cleveland, where it is said he went about October or November last. He has been sent for to explain the little *affaire d'amour*

WITH WHICH HE IS CHARGED.

The young mother is a good-looking, accomplished woman of about twenty-two years of age, about five feet one or two inches in height, black hair and eyes, and round, rosy month, tempting in the extreme.

Later it was reported that it was Dr. Farquhar, Jr., that was the "Reception Committee" instead of the old gentleman, his father. He claims it is a most desperate attempt at blackmail, and, that not finding his father (the old doctor) at home as she expected, with a view of obtaining money from him, to take the child away and keep him, she sent for it thus early, not wishing to compromise herself further. Altogether the affair is shrouded in the deepest mystery, which only the return of Mr. George can clear up. Of course the Farquhar family know nothing whatever of the young woman (nor of George's maneuvers before he left the city either, for that matter), and the young woman "keeping dark," but little can be learned further than what has been already stated. It is claimed by young George Farquhar's friends that he is entirely innocent of any such actions, and that only his return to the city is necessary to utterly refute all charges against his hitherto good character.

A Divorced Wife's Revenge.

(Subject of Illustration.)

GALESBURG, Ill., July 12.—The city was this morning startled by one of the most tragical occurrences that has ever taken place in this vicinity—the murder of Mart O'Connor by his divorced wife, Belle Spaulding. The facts are as follows: About eight o'clock this morning Belle Spaulding and a female companion, one Carrie Read, returned to the livery stable of James O'Connor, on South Cherry street, from a midnight ride out in the country, including a

visit to the beer garden southwest of the city. At the same time Mart O'Connor and a young woman named May Robinson drew up to the stable in another buggy, having also been out riding in the same direction. Mart O'Connor alighted and proceeded to enter the stable, leaving his companion seated in the vehicle. Toward the latter Belle Spaulding approached and applied abusive and threatening remarks for keeping company with Mart, to whom also she addressed language of a harsh and unfriendly character. A storm of words threatened to ensue which Mart seemingly desired to avoid by leaving the stable, first procuring one of the hands to drive his female companion to her place of residence. From the stable, Mart proceeded around the corner, through Simmons street to Prairie street, and thence southwest on Prairie street toward Tompkins street, followed closely by Belle Spaulding, between whom and Mart the previous conversation was continued. When both parties had reached a point on the west side of Prairie street, just south of Peterson's industrial works, loud words and three distinct shots were heard, which shots were subsequently shown to have been fired from a revolver in possession of Belle Spaulding. Two of the shots took effect in the person of Mart, one entering the abdomen and the other penetrating the left breast, between the fourth and fifth ribs, near the nipple, and coursed downward. Officer Sumner, who had previously been attracted to the stable by the noisy talking of Belle Spaulding and others of the party, and who yet lingered in the vicinity apprehensive of a further disturbance, heard the reports of the pistol and at once went in the direction whence the sound proceeded. On Simmons street he encountered Mart O'Connor returning to the stable and learned from him that he had been shot by Belle, who had also shot herself immediately afterward. Officer Sumner assisted Mart to the stable where he was laid upon a couch, and there remained till he died, about forty minutes after being shot, to the very last fully retaining his consciousness. Belle Spaulding upon the occurrence of the shooting, was taken to a neighboring boarding-house, whence she was conveyed to the residence of her mother, on the southwest corner of Kellogg and South streets. She is wounded in the left breast near the nipple, and all efforts to find and extract the ball have thus far proven fruitless. The physicians say that the shot is not necessarily fatal, and that the chances of death or recovery are about equal.

Mart O'Connor was a brother of Messrs. Michael and James O'Connor, widely-known citizens, and was married to Belle Spaulding some years ago, but with whom she lived very unhappily. About a year ago Belle obtained a divorce from Mart, but the ancient feud still continued, and whenever they met was more or less violently manifested. Belle is a daughter of the late Dr. Spaulding, an old and prominent resident of Galesburg. She is apparently about twenty-five years of age, and of prepossessing appearance. A number of years ago a sister of Belle Spaulding shot Mart O'Connor, and he carried the bullet at the time of the present tragedy. The cause of the former shooting was a quarrel in which Mart and an admirer of the young lady engaged, during which she shot Mart fearing he would harm his antagonist.

A Spiritualist Scandal.

FORT EDWARD, N. Y., July 17.—This little village is agitated over the mysterious disappearance of Lydia Ashton, a pretty young lady about nineteen years old, the daughter of a wealthy gentleman living near here. A young gentleman of good character has been paying her pretty close attention for a year. About a month ago he introduced to the family a Dr. Schlessinger, of Jersey City, a man of about sixty years of age, who claimed to be a healing medium and a clairvoyant. The doctor persuaded Mrs. Ashton to go to Saratoga for her health, and while she was away he began, according to Mr. Ashton's story, to instil pernicious spiritualistic doctrines into the minds of Lydia and her elder sister, Emma. The latter resented his teachings, and informed her father of it. He finding that the doctrine included all that is implied by the spiritualistic terms of "higher planes" and "communion of affinities," expelled the doctor from his house.

Lydia, however, had accepted the doctor's doctrine, and openly announced herself a convert. She took occasion, when Schlessinger's visits were stopped, to meet him and other believers in his doctrines at other places, where she also met one Mantia Weeks, a medium, who persuaded her to leave her father's house and join the community which she said Dr. Schlessinger was about establishing at Saratoga.

On Saturday morning Lydia disappeared, and on inquiry it was ascertained that Schlessinger had also departed. Her young lover then acknowledged to her parents that he knew where she was, but that he loved her better than they did, and would not tell them where she was. He stated further that she would not return home. Later it was discovered that she was hidden in the house of one Henry Mickle, another of Schlessinger's converts, at Glen's Falls, and Mr. Ashton has commenced legal proceedings to secure her return home.

A TEXAN VENDETTA.

Story of a Cold-Blooded Murder and Memorable Trial Which Give Present Promise of Opening Up a Lively Business for the Coroner.

Galveston, Tex., July 8.—Allen's ranch is situated two miles below Harrisburg, on the railroad between Galveston and Houston, and is a very neat ranch, thoroughly American in constitution, and devoid of all the dirt, gear and peculiarities of a Greaser ranch. It is owned by a prominent stock man named S. E. Allen, who has been figuring in a noted murder trial in this and a neighboring county, and in the Supreme Court, for the past six years. From the desperate scenes that were enacted there on the night of the 1st it will be seen that the ranch and neighborhood is to become the theatre of one of those deadly and secret vendettas that made Williamson county, Illinois, so dreaded a few years ago, and ended in the death on the scaffold of Marshal Crain and the imprisonment of Bulliner and others active in that feud.

Last Monday night, at 10 o'clock, Jeff Black, while sick in bed at the ranch, was shot by unknown men. Allen was sitting on the side of the bed attending to Black's wants, when one of the window shutters was turned up. Allen, thinking the stiff breezes from the prairie had caused the movement of the shutter, turned it down. Immediately the one on the other side was roughly thrust open and a double-barreled gun covered both Allen and Black, and an effective shot followed its appearance, ten buckshot grazing Black's right cheek and four through the skin of his neck. Black rolled out of bed, and Allen, pluck to the core, seized a gun and fired back at the men in the dark, who replied with

A VOLLEY THROUGH THE SAME WINDOW.

One bullet passed through both sides of two houses. Three men are suspected as the firing party, and it is believed that one of them was wounded.

The reason why this is believed to be the commencement of a vendetta will be explained in the following tragic history:

About six years ago, on Galveston island, after dark, two men on horseback rode up to the gate of Green Butler's residence and asked for refreshments and quarters for the night. Butler requested them to dismount and enjoy the hospitalities of his comfortable home, the door of which was never shut against mortal man. After a short conversation the visitors drew pistols and shot Green down in his gateway, putting enough lead in him to insure work for the undertaker, and then rode away in the darkness. Although the shots were well delivered, Green lived just long enough to say that the assassins were Jeff Black and Andrew Walker, cow-boys employed by Allen. The dying declaration of Green Butler caused the arrest of the accused men, and they were tried in Galveston, and Walker was sentenced to death and Black to the

PENITENTIARY FOR LIFE.

Allen stood by the accused during the trial, and spent considerable money in their behalf. After their trial Allen lost no time in making his appeals to the supreme court, and after a practical trial by that august body the case was remanded for a new trial. The trial that followed elicited great interest, and resulted in a verdict similar to the first. Allen, true to his trust, bestowed the usual amount of attention to the supreme court, and it again set aside the action of the lower court. A change of venue to a neighboring county did not alter the affairs of Black and Walker in the least, and the death and life penalties were again fastened on them. Allen was in on time again before the supreme court, and Walker and Black were again prepared for a siege of law and lawyers, and went back to jail with a high opinion of the supreme court and Allen. These trials consumed six years, and rumor says a good share of Allen's fortune, and the people were becoming tired of the fight between the courts. It was discovered that nearly all the most important witnesses had died—some hurriedly, and it was deemed advisable to let the prisoners out on bond. Allen, never faltering, was right up to the mark when the bond was called for, and Black, owing his friend Allen a debt of gratitude, concluded to go to the ranch and make it his home. Walker, it has been said, declined to leave the jail, fearing assassination at the hands of Green Butler's friends, and from the occurrences of last Monday night it will be seen that Walker is a man of more than ordinary judgment.

Recently Allen was on his way home on the afternoon train. A rough-looking man, when the train was near a station, walked into the car Allen was in, and asked, "Where is Allen?" That gentleman was pointed out to him. He stepped up to Allen, tapped him on the shoulder remarking, "I am here to kill you," and drew a six-shooter. Before he could shoot, the passengers interfered, and the train just then reaching a station, the dangerous man stepped on the platform, and was joined by other rough fellows. When the train left, they mounted horses and rode away. A report came to Galveston from some secret source that six men drew lots to kill Allen, and the choice fell to the bungler who

thought it an act of courtesy due Allen to tell him that the proper time had come for him to step down and out; and, before making this important statement to Allen, he indulged in some of Watterson's elixir of life, and that accounts for Allen being yet alive.

From the above it will be seen that a bloody vendetta has commenced, and will not end until many of the interested parties in the evening tragedy down the island close their days in violence.

Dickey, the Fugitive Murderer.

[With Portrait.]

Sergeant Kealy, Chief of the Central Office detectives, is looking for Martin V. Dickey, who, on the 19th ult., at Plymouth, N. H., shot and killed Frank H. Eastman and wounded Alvin N. Rowe, with whom he had a quarrel. Dickey, who kept a house of bad repute near Plymouth, was promptly arrested, but escaped from a constable while being taken to jail, and evaded the efforts of a posse of fifty men to capture him. The attention of the New York police was called to the murder by the following correspondence:

"OFFICE OF BLAIR & BURLEIGH,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW,
PLYMOUTH, N. H., July 9, 1878."

"Chief Police, New York City:

"DEAR SIR—We inclose copy of letter from a reliable man to the sheriff of this town relating to the murderer Dickey, also posters and photographs of the murderer. The photographs were taken some years ago and were good then. He had heavier chin whiskers and a small mustache when he left. He has a high toned voice and is a rapid talker when excited; is naturally quick motioned, and will appear nervous if he thinks any one suspects him. Sheriff Brown is now west and will probably call on you when he comes back. The sheriff of our county, A. A. Cox, offers \$200 reward. We send you this intelligence trusting that efforts will be made by your department to secure the criminal. The evidence against him is overwhelming. We are interested in his capture especially because it was through us that he was secured at all. Yours truly,
BLAIR & BURLEIGH."

"OFFICE OF STOCKBRIDGE & BARTLETT,
71 Washington street, Haverhill, Mass."

"Mr. M. S. Brown:

"DEAR SIR—While in New York, the 4th of this month, at Central Park, in Museum building, going up the winding stairs, we met Dickey, the Plymouth murderer, coming down. He spoke to my brother, Eastman Bartlett, and also to me, and after he had passed by us, my brother said to me, 'That is the Plymouth Dickey,' and we turned about and followed him out and off the Park to the horse-car station, and there he was waiting for a car, and as soon as he saw us he up and ran two or three blocks, jumped on a passing car and went out of sight. My brother and I are both from Plymouth formerly, and my brother saw Mr. Dickey at the last March meeting in Plymouth. Yours truly,
"S. B. BARTLETT."

Dickey is thirty-five years of age, five feet nine inches in height, brown hair, with dark chin whiskers; thin face, cheeks hollow, dark pants, brown frock coat, black felt hat, clothes old and considerably worn. He was once employed on the B. & C. and M. Railroad.

A Crime's Fatal Sequel.

TROY, N. Y., July 15.—The entire party who planned and executed the daring street car robbery and garroting of John Buckley two weeks ago are now under arrest. William, alias "Mush" Riley, a well known criminal from New York, was arrested in Toronto yesterday. Will Tompkins, the young man of such distinguished social connections, who is accused of planning the theft, was found in Richmond, Mass., a few days ago, and is now in the City Jail here. He is greatly exhausted, mentally and physically, from the effect of efforts to elude pursuit and capture. He protests his innocence. The other participants in the robbery, Donohue, Finn, Fellows, Riley, Tompkins and Monahan, are in custody. The last named while attempting, together with his brother John, to escape, shot Officer Quinn, from the effects of which the latter died. For that he has since been taken to Massachusetts to be tried for murder. It was thought that his brother John would also be tried as an accessory to the crime, but later developments state that both these young men—one nineteen, the other twenty-three—will be arraigned on the charge of murder.

Their mother, an aged lady living in this city, is reported dangerously ill from mental sorrow at the danger her children are placed in. Then Mrs. Quinn, wife of the murdered officer, was in delicate health, and the violent death of her husband has caused a prostration from which fatal results are feared. Tompkins' wife is in very poor health, and Tompkins himself is threatened with brain fever.

Thus the robbery, while so daring and adroitly executed, has resulted in the arrest of every one connected with it, has already cost one life (Quinn), will very probably terminate two more lives (Thomas and John Monahan), while four others are jeopardized, making a singular series of fatalities that may be directly traced to the commission of this crime.

**An Assorted List of Evil Deeds and
Evil Deers Collected by Gazette
Correspondents in all Quarters.**

AT FORT WAYNE, IND., on the 18th, Joseph G. B.

A BRUTAL OUTRAGE is reported to have been committed in Lexington, Ky., upon a young woman named Worthington, whose mother resides in Cincinnati. She had been cohabiting with a young man named Graves, when the natural consequence was unavoidable, she lost her work and his affection. On Sun-

AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND., on the 16th, while George Leggett, a well-known gambler, was standing in Chapin Gore's liquor establishment, John Achey entered, and without a word of warning, drew a revolver and fired shots at him, striking him below the breast bone. Leggett staggered and fell, exclaiming that he was a damn man. Leggett died at 3:05 P. M. He leaves a wife and one child, a boy nine years of age. He also leaves \$50,000 to \$75,000 worth of property. The cause of the murder is said to have existed in a recent gambling option, in which Leggett, a gambler named Brown and or two others beat Achey out of \$1,100, which he came possession of a short time ago by the death of his mother. Achey was arrested on Washington street, near K. S. Shire's shoe store, the scene of the Bolton murder, Officer Richards. He accompanied the officer peacefully to the station house, and made no attempt to escape. On the way there he remarked that he had "shot to kill." A reporter visited the station at 3 o'clock, and obtained an interview with him. He stood behind the heavy door of the corridor, and answered all the interrogations were put to him in a clear and concise manner, perfectly collected, and seemingly without any compunction of conscience. He was evidently under the influence of liquor. He said, "I had spite against Leggett, and was one of the things that made me do the shooting. Leggett has been in the habit of drawing a gun on me whenever he felt like it, and I just thought I would get even with him. About a week ago he came in and said to me, 'I am the first time I have had a chance to meet it.'"

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A GIRL'S STRANGE ROMANCE—A DARING YOUNG MEMBER OF A GANG OF DESPERATE HORSE THIEVES IS KILLED BY A SHERIFF'S POSSE AT BOLE'S RANCH, COLORADO, AND IS DISCOVERED TO BE A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.—See Page 6.



A DIVORCED WIFE'S REVENGE—MART O'CONNOR MURDERED BY HIS DIVORCED WIFE, BELLE SPAULDING, FOR ACCOMPANYING ANOTHER WOMAN, GALESBURG, ILL.—See Page 14.